

# The Reader's Digest



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Number 49

MAY NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX

## *Write To-day for the New Index*

The new Index will be ready shortly. April completed the fourth volume of The Reader's Digest, and an eight-page Index, covering the issues from May, 1925, through April, 1926, will soon be ready for presentation to subscribers, gratis.

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# The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines  
—each article of enduring value and interest, in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

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MAY 1926

Serial No. 49

## Your Sense of Values May Need Revising

Condensed from the *Woman's Home Companion* (April '26)

An Interview with Dr. F. Williams. Reported by Mary B. Mullett

**D**R. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS, a psychiatrist of acknowledged reputation, and I were lunching at a famous New York hotel. Almost from the moment she came in we found ourselves watching a woman at the table next to ours.

"She is a very common type," Dr. Williams said. "Ever since she sat down she has been trying to get things done as she thinks they ought to be done. She has moved the dishes around because she didn't like the way they were arranged. She has told her husband not to talk so loudly and not to tuck his napkin into his waistcoat. When he ate his soup he got off on the wrong spoon, and she called him down for that.

"She hasn't discussed one thing that didn't involve little details about what 'ought' to be done; what time they 'ought' to have dinner tonight; what they 'ought' to wear; just when she 'ought' to do her packing; whether she 'ought' to report the chambermaid for not cleaning their room as it 'ought' to be cleaned.

"Imagine what she must be when she is at home. She is the type of woman whose house will always be neat; even painfully neat. Everything runs like clockwork; or if it does not she is miserable. If she

gives a luncheon she wears herself out getting ready for it. Her mind is so occupied with the *mechanical* details of entertaining that she can't devote herself to the *human* side of it. She is busy thinking about doilies and dishes; hoping the cook won't burn anything; watching the maid; wondering whether goblets would have been correct rather than glasses. She is missing the only really vital thing in the whole situation. Unless the guests supply their own happiness and gayety and mental enjoyment all they get out of the affair will be a meal. They may go away and say she is a good housekeeper. But they won't say she is a charming woman and that they have had a wonderfully interesting time.

"As a *homemaker* she is a tragic failure. She hasn't the right sense of values. She has missed the all-important thing! She is not a *human* being, opening her heart and mind to her husband, exploring life and having a wonderful time with him.

"These over-precise women began to 'get that way' when they were children; but not all from the same causes. Some of them, for example, are the results of the training given them by a mother who, herself, was over-precise. The little girl who has

been taught that disorder is almost a crime may grow up to be incorrigibly fussy in her own affairs.

"Of course this does not always happen. Two children having the same training may react to it in entirely different ways. Nevertheless, over-fussy mothers do succeed in training at least some of their children to be over-fussy men and women; missing the inner fruit of life because they are so busy with its outer husk.

"If an overly precise woman realizes her failings she can overcome them. A psychiatrist could help her by showing her how she 'got that way,' but she can help herself to be different if she really cares about it. She should try to see her life as if she were outside of it. Which is more important in her home? Is it heart-happiness? Or is she absorbed in managing mechanical details? Does she laugh with her children—or only look after their diet? Does she know what they are dreaming, or only what they are doing? Does she have their confidence—or only their obedience?

"When the family goes for a motor ride, does she help to make it a happy, amusing, entertaining experience? Or is she too busy thinking about the picnic lunch she is taking, the extra wraps, the scratch on the front seat, the squeak of an axle, the way her husband drives and a hundred other things which are not vital to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness?

"These women who are irritatingly precise and conscientious need one thing: a better understanding of life's values? Companionship, sympathy, affection, poise, mutual tolerance, freedom of expression—these are incomparably more important than all the thousand little things on which many women concentrate.

"We must live and let live. We mustn't be so frightfully serious about every little thing. Do the best we can—and then accept the consequences with satisfaction if they are good, or with good-humored philosophy if they aren't what we hoped for. We must learn to smile at our own mistakes and at those of the people around us. A sense of proportion, a sense of ordi-

nary human weakness, a sense of humor—well, taken together these make common sense. They would help these over-particular women.

"Suppose that a mother sees her child developing traits we have discussed. For instance, suppose the child won't let other children touch its playthings, is too fussy about its clothes, irritatingly methodical and exact. If a child shows a tendency to keep its playthings sacred, hides them from other children, is a little miser about them, find out what is back of all this. It may be a 'defensive reaction.' A brother or a sister may be trying to 'hog' the child's playthings. A boy's new electric train may have been broken by the boy from across the street. A little girl's doll, the pride of her heart, may have been messed up by the baby.

"Patience and a calm determination to get at the root of the matter will unearth the cause. And when it is found the mother can set things right. If the child is simply defending himself she must see that he doesn't have to do it. And at the same time she can explain to him something about the give and take of life; something about the need of friendliness and tolerance; something about tact and how to manage people; something about how to defend himself and his rights.

"This can be done. It needs patience and understanding; but it may mean the difference between happiness and unhappiness when the child grows up. Not only its own happiness but that of husband, wife, children.

"It is curious—isn't it—to think that this man at the next table is reaping a harvest whose seeds were planted when his wife was a child. She is probably making his life miserable with her everlasting 'ought to do this' and 'ought to do that.' It could have been prevented, if her mother had seen this tendency toward over-conscientiousness, had got at the cause of it and had helped her to a better sense of values. The woman could get this proper sense of values even now if she could see herself as we see her."

# The Political Decline of America

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (December '25)

Frank R. Kent

SINCE the founding of the nation various persons, at irregular intervals, have felt it was headed downhill and could not be stopped. Somehow or other, it has managed to pull through, even growing bigger and more indecently rich. Probably it will continue to wobble along in spite of its present disgracefully diseased political condition. However, there is no reason why the significant symptoms of the present should not be pointed out. For one thing, it may help a little in the cure. For another, some time or other one of these prophets of disaster is going to be more or less right.

Speaking not at all from the party but wholly from the public angle, this country is in a sorry, soggy, sloppy state, politically. It is hard to tell which is more discouraging: the issues that do interest the people or the issues that do not interest them.

Take first the issues to which they do respond—you can go across the country from coast to coast, stopping in each state to talk and learn, as I recently did, and you will strike fire only when you touch one subject—Prohibition. No man not openly professing to be a dry can be elected to any conspicuous office in dry territory, and none not howling wet can successfully aspire in the wet centers. The most degraded dry can still beat the best wet in some sections, and the most assinine wet can still overwhelm the most deserving dry in the others. The merits of the men, their character and intelligence, their records and views on every other issue are subordinated to this one—and every man in politics knows it. Prohibition is the

one thing which really stirs public sentiment.

That is, it was the one thing until a short while ago. Now we have another, and capable of even more deeply stirring men and women—to wit, the Bible issue. Perhaps it would have come into politics without the Dayton trial. It was on its way, but the Bryan-Darrow trial has thrust this issue deep into our politics. Few political observers doubt that we are at the start of another such fight as we had over Prohibition.

It is hard to see how it can be other than disheartening to thoughtful persons to grasp the fact that these two issues, neither one of which has the slightest business in politics, are the only ones capable of striking a spark from nine-tenths of the people of the country today. Any politician in any state will tell you that on the World Court, the tariff, the League of Nations, the railroads, water power, agriculture, or any other item of foreign or domestic policy, there is among the masses a complete and profound indifference. They don't know about them and they don't care. If that is not a disheartening situation to those who look ahead politically, what would be?

Equally discouraging is the apparently unshakable determination of half of the qualified voters not to participate in the election of its government. The United States, in the matter of voting efficiency, is practically at the very tail of the long list of civilized nations. Forty years ago 80 per cent of the American voters went regularly to the polls and we were in the first column in point of voting efficiency. Now we are last.

In the 1924 election for the House of Commons in England, 76 per cent of the total electorate voted—in the preceding election 82 per cent went to the polls. In Germany in the 1924 election the vote exceeded 80 per cent. A 20-year average for the Australian and New Zealand States shows approximately 78 per cent voting. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark have an average over 20 years of 75 per cent. In Norway and Sweden approximately 76 per cent of the men vote consistently. On an average, the French vote is slightly above 70 per cent. In Switzerland the record for years shows better than 75 per cent, and in Canada the average is 70 per cent.

It is not a pleasant thing upon which to meditate—that we, who started out to show the world what a Democracy really ought to be and how beautifully a great people could govern themselves—should fall back so far that fully half of our population is so little concerned about its government that it does not go to the polls at all.

It isn't only that our people do not vote in the general election, but, what is worse—in very much greater numbers they do not vote in the primaries, which, under our political system are infinitely more vital. The primary in this country is really the key to all politics. It is the gate through which 99 per cent of all candidates must pass in order to get on the ticket. Control of the primaries is control of politics—it really is control of the country. Those who thus control are in a position to limit the choice of the general election voter to their choice in the primaries. And for the most part, primaries everywhere are a farce—a mere ratification of a machine's choice, made by an absurdly small number of machine men. Thus is the country run—not by the people but by the politicians.

Our political inertia can be blamed on the movies, on the newspapers, on the politicians, on the

general prosperity, on sports, on any number of things. But the basic fact is that there is in the English people, the French, the German, a political consciousness conspicuously lacking in the United States. The average European considers politics more seriously. There is inherent in him a deeper respect for law and a stronger desire to have some part in the selection of his government, some say as to whom shall run things and how. We, too, had a real political consciousness once. Up to about 1890 the average American's conception of political duty and his interest in his government, city, state, and nation, left relatively little room for criticism.

Whatever the reasons, of this we can be sure—the evils of politics in every community are exactly equal to the indifference of the voters in the primaries. That is a provable proposition and it is about all you can prove regarding the situation except that it exists.

Actually, when the vital nature of politics to every individual is considered, when it is reflected that it touches the lives of us all directly and indirectly in scores of ways, and that there is no possible escape from its influence and effect, the steady lessening of political interest and activity among the masses of people, and the unfavorable light in which the voting figures show us in comparison with other nations, are a distinct reflection upon our intelligence as a people. There isn't any doubt about that. Of course, there is going to be no collapse of governmental machinery and, of course, no one need feel unduly alarmed about the country's future. It will wobble out of these depressing conditions as it has wobbled out of many others. However, these facts do make a joke out of the old doctrine that "the people rule." Also they render rather ridiculous the idea that this is the most enlightened nation of them all.

## Damned Young

Condensed from *Collier's, The National Weekly* (March 27, '26)

*William G. Shepherd*

**H**E was writing his last letter to his mother before they took him to the electric chair. In his last days his mother had written him a letter, reminding him of his innocent early boyhood and telling him to pray. And now, in his cell, he was answering her.

A warden saw that good-by letter; he told me about it because he was trying to make me understand how hard and cruel our new generation of toughs had become. The letter ran something like this:

"My Darling Mother: I thank you for all that you have done for me during my life"—several paragraphs of such thanks, and then this:

"You tell me to call upon Jesus as I did when I was young. Well, all I've got to say about this is that, if you mean the Jesus who they say was nailed to the Cross, there wasn't enough left of Him out in the big world where I went, when I left home, to wad a shotgun with."

Not all of that good-by letter reached the mother's eyes; the warden was too kind. "The boy had no heart," the prison official explained to me.

The only trouble with that boy was that he was one of America's new, unexplainable criminals. Penitentiary wardens all over America have tried to tell me lately how tough the new criminals are coming these days.

You and I, reading the newspapers, learning of the unexplainable crimes of some of our youth, have come to suspect or to believe that a new kind of criminal has arisen in America. But these penitentiary wardens know this new and unexplainable criminal is with us. They have him in their prisons.

Ask the warden to describe the hardness and the toughness of this new criminal and words fail him. He

falls back on concrete cases. He tells you, puzzled, about this youth or that, and lets you draw your own conclusions. And I must pass the puzzle on to America.

Here are stories of these new criminals that I have found during the past few weeks in some of our penitentiaries:

The other day an amazed and wide-eyed prison official told me about a young convict I had seen an hour before sitting on a bench playing with another young fellow. I had picked this young convict out of a crowd, for he was a striking figure. And he was as full of play as a puppy. There were over 600 convicts sitting in that great, long room; they spend their days on the benches there doing nothing. To each of these criminals this boy was a criminal hero, the last word in devil-may-careness.

"What can you do with a fellow like that?" a prison official asked me. Then he told me the boy's story. "He is a lifer, and lucky to be alive. He comes of a good home in Ohio. One night he helped to murder a store-keeper in a robbery. He wanted dance and movie money. When the police caught him he kidded them. In court when he was tried he was arrogant to everybody. When the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree he only smiled. He didn't turn a hair when the judge sentenced him to death. When they brought him here to the penitentiary he played the hero among the convicts. His mind was all right—he read plenty of books—but he didn't have any feeling.

"Well, the day for electrocution came. They took him to the death cell to get him ready."

I had seen that death cell. A man about to die who could keep his courage there would be superhuman.

"A barber cut a patch of hair from the back of his head." (The electrode must touch the flesh, directly.) "The young fellow complained about that in a half-joking way. Just 13 minutes before he was to die a guard came running in with a reprieve from the governor. The governor had changed the sentence to life imprisonment.

"What do you suppose that young fellow did? Well, sir, after they had read him the reprieve he turned around to the man who had cut his hair and said: 'Well, that's a hell of a fine haircut you gave me! It'll take six months to grow that out again.'

"What can you do with a fellow like that?" asked the jailer. "And we're getting a lot of his kind these days. He wasn't any more excited by his reprieve than he was by his sentence. The trouble with these young fellows these days is that they have no emotions."

As clean cut a young fellow as you could want to see plays a saxophone in the band of one of our penitentiaries. He reads modern novels; he writes rather well. As he stood in the band handling his instrument like an expert he attracted my attention because of his evident refinement. He had poise and assurance.

He's there for life. He tried to rob the home of a well-to-do and respected family. The father of the household bravely arose from his bed and went out in the hallway to defend his family. Out there he found this young man, heroin-crazy. The young man fired his revolver and killed the citizen with one shot. Then he ran away, but he was later caught.

He was buried in the death cell for weeks—in a room next to the electric chair. His plight never seemed to worry him. When the governor changed his sentence to life imprisonment he showed no great joy.

"I didn't worry very much in the death house," he told an official visitor. "I used to say to myself: 'Well, I've had about every sort of a kick I could get in this life. Maybe there's a kick in going over the other side.'"

A hush always falls over a prison the day a man is to die. Prisoners

are restless and nervous. In some prisons they wall in their cells during the killing. One of the most terrible recollections of this writer's life is of hearing some years ago the walls of hundreds of cell inmates in the Cook County jail in Chicago while five men were being hanged. The prisoners throughout the day imagine the terror of the man in the death house, living his last hours. Imagination has them in its grip.

Such imaginings are almost baseless, especially when one of our new criminals is in the death house. Not long ago a guard in a death house became suspicious because the man in the death cell was so quiet. He investigated. His prisoner, who was to die for murder within six hours, was busy lettering a cardboard sign with charred matches. He was marking out these letters: "Room to Let."

In a penitentiary tailor shop I saw a young man of less than 20 sitting on a table, tearing apart an old coat. His fingers were long, slender, sensitive. His black shoes were carefully polished; his trousers were pressed; his hair properly combed. He had a whole lifetime ahead of him in prison, for he had been convicted of murder.

He had stolen a sedan in his home town and had joy-ridden in it nightly for over a month with a painted, 16-year-old, dance-loving, movie-mad "sweet-heart." Another girl and another youth had joined them in their rides. For gasoline, dance and movie money the two boys, equipped with revolvers, had taken to holding up gas filling stations. One night, as this young convict's partner was holding up a station which he had already held up twice before, a hidden policeman stepped out of a shadow and began shooting.

The young bandit stood and shot it out with the officer until both were dead. Then the young man I saw in the tailor shop and the two girls, tried to drive away. But they were caught, and the boy escaped the death chair only because he was pitifully young and had not used his revolver.

(Continued on Page 10)

# Why I Live in Tahiti

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (April '26)

*James Norman Hall*

DURING a recent brief visit to America my Aunt Harriet showed deep concern as to my reasons for choosing a small tropical island in the mid-Pacific as a place in which to live. We talked through dinner, after dinner, and until far into the night—I warming to my theme, becoming all but eloquent regarding the advantages of solitude and a simple, fairly primitive way of living; my aunt asking from time to time very pertinent questions. At length she brought the discussion round to the question of one's duties, rights and privileges as an American citizen. I said that I would always recognize my duty to go to the aid of the country in time of war; as for the rights and privileges, I was willing to forgo them in order that I might live according to my own ideas of what constitutes living. My aunt was surprised that I had no deep feeling of patriotism toward America as a whole, but this seems to me natural, inevitable. Patriotism is based upon community of blood, language, tradition, ideals; and, needless to say, there is no longer such community in the United States, nor can it be again for centuries to come—if ever.

"I see now what is wrong," my aunt said. "You're an anarchist! You may not admit it, but it's true. If you had your way you would live in a place where there is no government at all!"

But is there any reason why one should not seek out a place where one may at least play at anarchy? This is possible in Tahiti, which is one of the reasons why I live there.

In order to play at anarchy with any success, two conditions are essential: one must follow an art or profession or trade which provides the necessities of life; and it must be of such a kind that it may be practised,

for the most part, in solitude. I have such a trade. It is journalism.

How does one play at anarchy? One simply lives as though there were no government in existence. The conditions are almost ideal in a small island colony. But you must have no axes of any sort to grind, or exchange, or expose for sale. When that is the case you may have very pleasant relationships with those who do. They realize that you are not competing or trying to compete with them; therefore they reveal to you only the best sides of their natures, and at length you are all but convinced that they have no other sides to reveal.

"But you must find time hanging very heavily on your hands," you may say.

Never—but for the sake of absolute veracity it is well to qualify that. Boredom is a universal spiritual disease and all men suffer from it at times, no matter where they may be. But I can say, truthfully, that attacks of it grow increasingly rare in Tahiti. In America, the most virulent cause of boredom, in my own case, was to see multitudes of people engaged in useless, joyless occupations. To be sure, many of them did not appear to be aware of the awful tedium of their lives, but, being a sensitive man, I suffered vicariously for them. This is the least endurable of all suffering. In Tahiti I escape it, for, with the exception of the government employees, there is no one engaged in joyless work.

After a month or two of this quiet, uneventful life you find that you are losing your old conception of time. It never intrudes itself as something not to be wasted. You do waste it,—prodigally, I suppose, in the high-latitude sense: that is, you no longer make unremitting use of it to your own ma-

terial advantage—but I am not at all convinced that this is to be deplored. Often you will go for an all-day ramble up some grassy plateau which rises gradually toward the mountains, climbing on and on until you reach a vantage point where, on the one hand, you have a view into the depths of a great valley dappled with the shadows of the clouds; and, on the other, of the palm-clad lowlands and the broad lagoons beyond; and, beyond them again, of the sea—50, 60 miles of blue sea. There, listening to the silence, busy with your own thoughts or deep in fathomless reverie, you will sit until evening, surprised that evening comes so soon; and the strange thing—from the old, high-latitude point of view—is that such a waste of time brings not anxiety but peace of mind. It is easy to believe that you have been fulfilling, during those long hours of idleness, a small but important function in the scheme of things. On such days you are convinced that loafing is a virtue and that three-fourths of the unhappiness of the world is caused by the fact that men have forgotten how to loaf.

The strange thing, to me, is that so few people seem to want any solitude. They fly from it as though it were the wrath to come, and seem to have lost the capacity for being alone even during very brief periods.

Optimism is a crowd quality; and it is only fair to say that during my residence in Tahiti I have met but very few optimists. I have often wondered why it is that this small island should draw so many authentic pessimists. They are of all nationalities, from every walk of life, men of education, men of no education; but, diverse as they are in many respects, they have two qualities in common: they are all interesting men, and all are suffering from disillusionment. Almost without exception, these men are lookers-on at life, out of sympathy with the spirit of their times; and so, not being able to act with any enthusiasm, they talk.

Many of them, through years of practice, have become past masters in

the art of conversation, and it is this that makes them such interesting companions. I used to wonder why it was that even small gatherings at home were usually so tedious. To be sure, words flowed perpetually, but they had little significance or interest. We were bored with each other without knowing why. The trouble was, I think, that we did not know how to talk or what to talk about. Things and events alone had importance as matter for conversation; so we discussed them, and, if you had had the courage and the patience, you might have sat through an endless number of those so-called conversations without hearing so much as a fleeting reference to an idea.

The best method of getting things done at home is to set aside a day for doing them. We have Mother's Day when we must think of our mothers, and Father's Day when we must think of our fathers. Well, why not have an Idea Day when those who are too busy during the rest of the year think and talk ideas to the exclusion of everything else?

My experience leads me to believe that good talk is likely to result, even in groups of quite ordinary individuals, when favorable conditions lead to favorable occasions. In Tahiti one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to think between periods of talk. Men come together after weeks or months of solitude, their minds surcharged with energy, their opinions carefully weighed and sorted against the time when they may be brought forth in company. During their lonely meditations, they are seized by great convictions or great doubts, and to share these is as necessary to them as breathing. The moment two or three of them meet, the conversation immediately centers around ideas, for things are conspicuous only by their absence, events by the rarity of their occurrence. What a satisfaction it is to escape the dominance of things—not to be perpetually reminded of them, stimulated to think of them or to want them, or to acquire them without wanting them! Very few people here have accumulated possessions.

As for the pessimists I have been speaking of, nearly all have achieved affluence in the Diogenic sense, estimating their wealth in terms of the things they can do without.

Although not yet among the truly opulent ones in this sense, I live much more cheaply than would be possible, even for a journalist, in America. In fact, my scale of living is about that of a small mechanic—even that of a day laborer—at home.

My disillusioned friends are great readers, and this is another important minor advantage of living here: one has both the leisure and the inclination to read extensively. Most men would agree that literature is the finest of the arts, music alone excepted. If this is true, then the time one gives to the reading of good books should be considerable, and here it is so. In America, although I got through many books during the course of a year, it was reading with the eyes for the most part—rarely were mind and spirit fully engaged. There were too many distractions, and even when most deeply absorbed I was conscious all the while of the likelihood of interruption, so that I entered only half-heartedly the world of the imagination, like a doctor who goes to the theater expecting at any moment to be called away. For reading, one must have solitude and the assurance of freedom from interruption, and in Tahiti as nowhere else I have been able to fulfill both of these conditions. I have a small house which stands on a peninsula about an acre in extent. No road passes through it—only a footpath used by two or three native families. The house faces the sea, with a northwest exposure, and the nearest neighbors in that direction are some 800 miles away. Those to the right and left are closer at hand,

but they are the most discreet and thoughtful of neighbors and never intrude. Often I see no one for days, and in the secluded, sunny silence of the place it is easy to imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Here, many a time, secure from interruption, I have read for a solid week—mornings, afternoons, evenings, living in books more intensely than I have ever lived in the world of reality.

There is one more reason for living in Tahiti which has great weight with me: in a small island world one may comprehend all individual, social, and political activity at a glance. This adds enormously to the pleasure of living. One is bewildered by the complexity of life on a great continent. Here there is diversity without complexity, a mingling of races comparable to that in America, but on a small scale. To visit the Tahiti market of an early morning is to see the world in miniature: Polynesians, Chinese, French, English, Americans, Russians, Danes, Scandinavians; and it is of endless interest to see how these diverse elements accommodate themselves to their environment and to each other. But the ultimate result of this mingling is already clearly apparent. Within 50 years the Chinese have conquered Tahiti as completely as they will conquer all of French Polynesia well before the conclusion of this century.

But the Pacific is wide, and spangled with islands as the sky with stars. Although there is but one Tahiti, other crumbs of land exist where the anarchists may still find solitude and peace of mind, scaling lofty mountains for a distant view of the world, or walking lonely beaches, deep in unprofitable thought.

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#### HAVE YOU WRITTEN FOR THE NEW INDEX?

See announcement on inside front cover.

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(Continued from Page 6)

The tailor boss called him over to talk with us. The young fellow thrust his hand out at me confidently and he looked me square in the eye, smiling. He was the new American criminal personified; the laughing, 20th century, thrill-hunting killer of our great cities. He had gone to high school and had stood well there. But his fall from honesty had been sudden.

"Some of these young lifers," another warden told me, "keep on kidding and joking and don't seem even to realize they're in prison. And lots of them seem to think they're heroes because they are in prison."

They take nothing seriously, these new criminals. One warden, who, according to prison rules, must censor all letters, read me a letter which a young "dude bandit," who had nine years of the penitentiary before him for robbery, had written to his girl in Chicago. There wasn't a serious word or a decent thought in that "love letter."

Warden Preston E. Thomas of the Ohio State Penitentiary, one of America's old-timers in prison work, described this new criminal to me: "The old-time safe blower or burglar took the greatest pains not to have a dangerous weapon on his person. He didn't want to kill. He didn't want a gun or even a large knife. He wanted to be able to prove to the police, if he was caught, that he had not intended to murder; that he planned to run away rather than fight it out with his victim.

"But these days it's different. The first thing these young fellows do is to get a gun. They intend to use it. They don't depend on their skill or their wits or their physical strength—

not these little hair-polished rats. They depend entirely on their revolvers and on killing."

Even the old-time crooks cannot understand these young criminals. For instance, the old-time crook had few slang words that dealt with shooting. The word "croak," meaning to kill, was about the only slang for murder.

A "rod" in the new slang, means a revolver. A "stick" means the same thing. "Unhook it" is a signal to shoot. "Give him the works" is an order to pour bullets into the body of a victim. "Step on it" means "pull the trigger." There is a terrible meaning behind each light and easy phrase of murder slang. "Can you walk?" is a question meaning "Are you brave enough to risk going to the electric chair?" To say you "can't walk" is to admit that you're afraid to kill.

"Capital punishment is a terrible thing," Warden Thomas told me, "but I believe there are times when it is justified. When three or four of these young new crooks get together, and talk about getting their 'rods' into shape and pick out the one of their number who is to give the signals and the one who is to pull the trigger which will give some citizen 'the works,' it seems to me that you have the highest possible essence of pre-meditated murder."

Warden Thomas describes our new young criminals as "young fellows who have lost their feelers." They seem without any of the attributes that come from emotion. "What's the matter with most of them?" I asked him. "They never had any home life," he answered.

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A Binder, specially designed to hold twelve copies of The Reader's Digest, is supplied for the convenience of subscribers at cost price, \$1.50 postpaid, returnable if it does not please you. It is strongly made of red buckram, with THE READER'S DIGEST in gold letters on the back.

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## Bridging Schools with Life

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (March '26)

*Charles A. McMurray, Peabody College for Teachers*

THE curriculum of the common school has been growing like a mushroom, expanding from year to year with the influx of new studies. The result is that it is gorged with an excessive quantity of knowledge. Our children have no such omnivorous appetite for learning. Besides, this overfeeding forbids proper assimilation. By common consent the first necessity is reduction or simplification.

Progressive schools are now blazing a new trail by organizing the course of study around a few thought-centers in the leading studies. Typical projects drawn from life constitute these centers. A miscellaneous collection of detached facts, no matter how numerous or how important, can never take the place of one of these strategic centers of organized knowledge. Such thought-centers, with their unity and broad perspective, furnish a means for mastering the world.

The Muscle Shoals project, as a hydro-electric power station, is dealt with (in the sixth or seventh grade) in a fully elaborated classroom treatment. The dam and power house are presented as an object-lesson in the control and use of river power for doing man's heaviest work. Agriculture demands the nitrates as cheap fertilizer for worn-out lands. The cities within a radius of 200 miles require cheap power for all kinds of manufacturing, lighting, etc. The railroads can use electricity for transportation. As a substitute for coal, water power is rising into vast importance. The dams and locks would open cheap transport for heavy freight on the Tennessee River. The South and, to some extent, the whole

country is affected by Muscle Shoals.

By comparing the power at Muscle Shoals with other water powers at Keokuk, at Niagara, at Great Falls, and on dozens of rivers, the national significance of hydroelectric power begins to reveal itself in full measure. An elaborate treatment of this important topic surprises boys and girls with a view of new forces at work in our modern world. We do not need to be told that these youngsters respond with open eyes and ardent minds.

The progressive school is thus beginning to deal with life problems in their full setting and in their native habitat. In this kind of study children are not trying to memorize words and phrases. They are getting experience. They are dealing with home and community interests at first hand. Their thoughts are taking root in life. They are getting a clear intelligence about necessary activities and arrangements in the surrounding world. The structure and organization of our modern society are gradually unfolding themselves to the minds of the children.

An illustration, drawn from school studies, is the steel industry at Pittsburgh. One of the large companies has its own iron mines in Northern Minnesota. Its operatives dig and load the ore upon the company cars and send it to Lake Superior ports. The company vessels transport it to Cleveland. From Cleveland it is transferred by cars to Pittsburgh. Unloaded at the steel works, it is fed into blast-furnaces and converted into pig-iron. Still molten, it is carried by ladles to the converters and changed into steel. Passing under great rollers it comes out in steel

plates, rails, and special shapes required for buildings, bridges, etc. The same company has offices in the larger cities where draftsmen are at work making plans for steel construction and sending in the orders to Pittsburgh. From its own coal mines coal and coke are brought by boat to the furnaces.

If one traces the steps in this process through its whole course and sees the relation of all these parts in their orderly progress, one can easily grasp the meaning of this whole industry in its relation to business and to life. Taken as a whole, it is an almost perfect type of the same steel industry at Cleveland, at Gary, at South Chicago, at Birmingham, Ala., in England, and on the Ruhr in Germany. Briefly, this illustrates what we mean by a large unit of instruction, organized into a natural whole, duplicating life.

But the school is accustomed to handle this topic not as one unit but in fragments. The steel industry at Pittsburgh is discussed in one place in the book, lake shipping in another, iron mines elsewhere, the coal mines somewhere else, Pittsburgh, the city, in still another connection.

Our present bulky curriculum has outgrown all reasonable limits. A complete relief can be had from this miscellaneousness and bulkiness by the wise selection of the few centers around which to organize knowledge. A few main topics or types, well mastered, are far better than an endless multitude of bare facts, scattered and disjointed. We must learn to be satisfied with the best possible samples and not try to gobble up everything. Fortunately the vast world of knowledge is simple, because, in its whole structure, it is built on this principle of types. The illustrative case, fully understood, is the interpreter or explainer of a multitude of similar cases. Know one thing well and you will quickly interpret a million.

Our children and teachers are now oppressed by the quantitative concep-

tion of knowledge. They think they must learn a great number of facts about each of a great multiplicity of subjects. This is a serious mistake, because it tends to convert the school into a droning misery instead of a happy hunting ground. For example:

An elaborate type study of the early history and later enlargements of the Erie Canal, brought into comparison with other canals and traffic routes, illuminates a hundred years of the marvelous growth of this country in commerce, population and wealth.

The graphic story of the life and adventures of Daniel Boone, compared later with several others, will throw into a clear light the whole story of the backwoodsmen who crossed the mountains and took possession of that important domain west of the Alleghanies.

A careful study of the vertebrate structure of the horse, followed by a comparison with the like structure of a bird, a fish, a frog, and a few other backbone animals will furnish a comprehensive interpretation of this division of the animal kingdom.

The reconstruction of Vienna is a striking type and demonstration of the change that has taken place in the cities of Europe during the last century.

These life projects bring to the front the things that children find attractive and have a right to be interested in. The big outside world is always a powerful magnet to children. Compared with this, textbooks and school exercises are quite on a lower plane.

Moreover, these life projects are full of action. They are not tame, lifeless data. They have in them the same energy that is pulsing in the minds of children. The schoolmaster should learn that the children are all the time trying to break out from their narrow limits to make connection with this active, on-going world.

## Seeing Ourselves in Our Dogs

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (February, '26)

*Fred C. Kelly*

A DOG is probably never more human than when he insists on keeping other dogs from using what he himself does not want. How often we all do that very thing! Even marriages have resulted from the desire to keep a supposed prize from another. After my sweet-natured Airedale, Jimmy, has exhausted the possibilities of a soup-bone he is deeply distressed to see the bone exciting the interest of a visiting brother. How human! Jimmy is scarcely able to eat if other dogs are fed near-by, so busy is he casting covetous glances at their plates. He is more interested in their food than in his own and is unhappy so long as another dog has a morsel left. Here perhaps is the animal origin of the human disposition not to be content with what we have, even when it is enough, but to worry about what the neighbors are doing. Old Badger has a slightly different philosophy from Jimmy's. He eats contentedly enough and minds his own business so long as there is food on his own plate. But being a rapid eater, he is usually through ahead of other dogs. The instant his own supply is exhausted, he begins to growl, obviously irritated because others still have food when he has not. Many of us are secretly like that, I fear, though less honest about it.

Dogs of course have a decidedly noticeable trait of jealousy. Booth Tarkington once told me a story of two dogs, one his own and another belonging to Harry Leon Wilson. The two men and their dogs had been living together in Europe. Tarkington and Wilson made a trip to the United States, bringing along Wilson's dog, but leaving the Tarkington dog behind. The two dogs had always been great friends. But when the two men returned, having the Wilson dog with

them, Tarkington's dog seemed to realize that his one-time playmate had enjoyed a long trip with his master while he himself had been compelled to remain in a lonely kennel. He turned on the Wilson dog in jealous rage, and they were friends no longer.

One trait which I am sure most dogs possess more than their owners realize is a sense of embarrassment. I recall walking with old Badger one day when he started to chase what he thought was a rabbit but which proved to be only a piece of paper moved by the wind. When he discovered his error he immediately stopped short and looked around with a silly expression to see if I had noticed him. When I laughed at him he went slinking away, a picture of mortification. In this connection George John Romanes tells of a terrier that used to be fond of catching flies on a window-pane, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful was evidently much annoyed. "On one occasion," says Mr. Romanes, "to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times in succession and eventually became so distressed that he positively *pretended* to catch the fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterwards rubbing the ground as if to kill the victim; he then looked up at me with a triumphant air of success. So well was the whole process simulated that I should have been quite deceived, had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly I drew his attention to this fact, as well as to the absence of anything upon the floor; and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected he slunk away under some furniture, evidently much ashamed of himself."

Badger has long had an absurd habit, or one might almost call it a fetish, which I have never been able to explain except that the old rascal has a streak of get-even spirit. If I go away and leave him alone in the house, he is certain to go from one bedroom to another, jump up on each bed, and rumple it up. He never under any circumstances jumps on a bed if there is any one in the house, but the moment he is alone he seems to waste no time in carrying out this secret project. He is not prompted by a desire to lie on the bed, because he never remains longer than necessary to place the bed in a state of general disorder. It cannot be that he is doing it to try to find me, thinking I may still be in bed, because he has seen me go out of the front door. Can it be that he does it as a means of revenge for being left alone? He realizes each time that he is doing wrong and will later be scolded. Yet so great is his desire to commit this offense that he would rather do it even though he must spend the rest of the day with a guilty conscience. Usually when I return from a brief absence, Badger comes bounding to the door in hilarious fashion to greet me. If he fails to do so I know that he has been alone in the house and is ashamed of having been up to his old tricks. I call him, and with great reluctance he finally comes, tail down, utterly dejected. It has been impossible to break up his habit of tearing up beds. I never caught him in the act until one time when he and I occupied a small cabin in the Maine woods. I was in the habit of going to a near-by cabin for meals and would leave Badger in our cabin alone. Almost invariably when I returned the bed would be in a state of disorder. One day I went out, and then tiptoed back to where I could peek in the window. Immediately Badger jumped on the bed and began to rumple it up. He happened to glance toward the window and saw me. Without waiting for a word his

whole appearance changed to a shame-faced air that I have come to think of as his bedroom look, and he went slinking away. But as always under such circumstances he watched my face for a sign of forgiveness and at the first suggestion of a smile came bounding at me like a happy child. He has become acquainted with the joy of "making up."

Dogs like humans dislike to admit they are getting old or for any reason cannot do everything that they ever could. Badger, aged 15 at this writing, now prefers to lie quietly and sleep most of the time. But if he sees me playing with a younger dog, he is certain to make a great show of romping about, evidently to make me think that he is still just as spry as ever.

Dogs and folks share a broad-minded willingness to tolerate insults from those that they know they can whip. I once saw James J. Corbett smilingly permit an under-sized man to call him names.

I have often noticed that dogs practice a form of deceit in a spirit of politeness. My little Welsh terrier, Megan, seems to think my feelings might be hurt if she were to refuse food I offer her. When she has had enough she takes the food eagerly and dashes away as if to eat it in leisurely fashion in some favorite nook. But what she does is to drop it where she thinks I will not see it, hoping evidently that I will suppose she has eaten it.

How often I have wished I might do the same thing, especially when a charming hostess implores me to have a second helping of soggy pie prepared with her own fair hands! What a convenience it would be if I could run gaily with my plate out into the back yard and secrete it behind a bush!

## When Lincoln and Beecher Met

Condensed from *The Independent* (February 13, '26)

*Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

**B**ACK in the 'nineties, I accompanied my grandmother, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, across the continent and back. The incident of that trip which stands out most clearly in my memory is a story which Mrs. Beecher told me one day as we watched the prairies slip by.

She told me of a strange visitor who had come to the Beecher home in Brooklyn, late one stormy night toward the close of the Civil War. It was a time when the fortunes of the North were at a low ebb. Grant had failed to take Petersburg and had been outmaneuvered by Lee; the members of Lincoln's Cabinet were at odds with one another; Early had raided, unchecked to within sight of the dome of the Capitol, and only chance had prevented him from capturing Washington.

On the night of which she told, Mr. Beecher was in his study and Mrs. Beecher was the only other member of the household who was up, when the bell at the front door rang. She found a tall man on the steps, wrapped in one of the great cloaks which men affected in bad weather during the 'sixties.

The stranger asked to see my grandfather, apologizing for calling so late, but stating he came on a matter of importance. He refused to give his name, saying that Mr. Beecher knew him, and he also managed to keep his face shaded by his hat and cloak. These curious circumstances made Mrs. Beecher afraid to let him in. As far back as the days when Henry Ward Beecher helped to raise men, money, and arms for Kansas, and boxes of Springfield rifles—known as "Beecher's Bibles"—were shipped to the hard-pressed settlers in that border war for freedom, there had been constant

threats against his life by fanatical sympathizers with the South. Since those times he had ransomed slaves from Plymouth pulpit and had denounced slavery in the pages of *The Independent*, of which he was the editor. Finally, he had, against tremendous odds of public sentiment, turned the tide in favor of the North in Great Britain by his speeches there—and the threats increased in violence and in number. With these in mind, Mrs. Beecher locked the stranger out in the rain until she could go upstairs and speak to her husband. As always, Mr. Beecher refused to be frightened. "It's too late for anyone to murder me now; the damage's done," he said jokingly. "Send him up."

As the stranger went into the study, Mrs. Beecher, listening below, heard her husband exclaim as at the sight of a friend, and the door was shut. For a long time she could hear the voices of the two men as they talked together. Then she heard Mr. Beecher's voice alone, rising and falling in those long cadences of pleading and communion which, up to his last day on earth, made his prayers as from one who spoke face to face with God.

He let his mysterious visitor out of the house himself; and next morning when Mrs. Beecher asked him who he was, her husband declined to answer.

The weeks went by, and the tide of the war turned. Finally, after Lincoln had been reelected on Nov. 8 and Lee had surrendered, it was decided to raise the flag at Fort Sumter and to celebrate the ending of the war at the place where it began. Henry Ward Beecher was selected to pronounce the oration at the raising of the flag, Lincoln saying that it was most appropriate that he should be chosen for the honor, since if it had not been for

his speeches in England there might have been no flag to raise.

My father, his son-in-law, accompanied him on this trip. The ceremonies were most impressive, and the oration pronounced by Beecher was said to have been one of the masterpieces of American eloquence.

The next day came the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and Mr. Beecher expressed the thought of the whole gathering when he said, "All good men should be at home at a time like this," and the party which had come to Charleston so joyfully returned in sorrow and mourning.

It was shortly after his arrival at Brooklyn, and when he was preparing the great eulogy which he later pronounced on Abraham Lincoln, that he told my grandmother that the stranger who had come to their home late that stormy night was none other than President Lincoln; and it was not until shortly before his death 'n 1887 that he told anyone other than Mrs. Beecher.

Oppressed by the burden of grief which was on nearly every household in North and South alike, Lincoln had seized an opportunity to see Mr. Beecher personally and have the help and consolation of his prayers.

My late father-in-law, Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull, a profound student of Lincoln's life, once told me that it was entirely possible that Lincoln could have been in Brooklyn not only once, but several times, without the knowledge of his secretaries or of his bodyguard.

Although Abraham Lincoln was not a member of any church, he often requested the prayers of clergymen with whom he came in contact—which seems indirectly to corroborate Mrs. Beecher's story.

To a minister from New York State who told him that the people were praying for him, Lincoln said, "Tell every father and mother you know to keep on praying, and I will keep on fighting, for I am sure that God is on our side."

Then Lincoln went on to say that out in his country when a parson made a pastoral call it was always the custom for the folks to ask him to lead in prayer, and that he would like to have the minister pray with him, that day, that he might have strength and wisdom. The minister did so, and when Lincoln rose from his knees he grasped his visitors hand and remarked, "I feel better."

Another time, Bishop Mathew Simpson called to see Mr. Lincoln, and when he rose to go Mr. Lincoln stepped to the door and said, "Bishop, I feel the need of prayer as never before. Please pray with me."

John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries, said: "Many a time I have heard Mr. Lincoln ask ministers and Christian women to pray for him."

Moreover, Lincoln never failed to emphasize his belief in divine guidance and his need of the same.

John Bach McMaster, the historian, told me only recently that, as a boy, his first sight of Lincoln was at a reception where the guests were marshaled past the President by watchful ushers and not allowed to come too close. One old chap, much disappointed at not having shaken hands with him, waved his hat and blurted out, "Mr. President, I'm from up in York State where we believe that God Almighty and Abraham Lincoln are going to save this country."

"My friend, you're half right," replied Lincoln.

Such is the record of the only time, so far as I know, that Lincoln and Beecher ever met. To me the story of their meeting gives a revealing glimpse of the real Lincoln as he was in that bitter year—tired, broken-hearted, despairing, seeking for help where alone it could be found; the same man who once said wistfully, "I have been driven many times to my knees because I had nowhere else to go."

# What Babbitt Won't Talk About

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (April '26)

Duncan Aikman

OLD MAN BARTON, now past hard work, has come up from the rural county seat where he was born, and in a southern metropolis sits all day in the smart motor-service station kept by his middle-aged sons, sometimes attending to the simpler wants of customers. He probably never had three years of schooling in his life. Yet he keeps alive an ancient American practice from which the institutions of the republic once drew a wholesome vitality, now, it seems, sadly declining: the habit of critically observing and rascally discussing what goes on in the world. Indeed, in four years of close acquaintance, I have never yet found Old Man Barton at loss for an opinion on a consequential public issue, based on good critical faculties and well-digested general information, salted with wit, and cogently delivered.

Yet among social and business acquaintances in the same city, I find nothing like it. Most of them are men—or women—of infinitely better educational advantages. But when public questions intrude themselves in a conversation, they are promptly dismissed after a round of apathetic and vaguely polite comments.

"These young people who have been through high school and college think they've been taught everything," Old Man Barton frames the indictment. "So they figure they don't need to learn nothing any more, nor even to think. Us old-timers knew we didn't know much to start with, and so we've spent our lives mostly trying to study things out."

The old man's grandson—two years out of a state university and the town's youngest proprietor of a motor-

car agency—is the pride of the Barton family. One evening the old man was deep in some shrewd observations on the war-debt question. "Aw, what good will it do us if these frogs and wops do pay up?" the rising young Babbitt inquired disgustedly. "The grafters will get it all anyway. . . . Say, granddad," he went on amiably, "why don't you cut the bull and take up golf?" It was plain that he regarded his grandfather's interest in public affairs as a shameful confession of extreme old age and rather bad form to boot. . . .

Once, American talk was different. The mere existence of the republic was a perpetually exciting, almost a unique fact. Our brand-new, and supposedly original institutions, and the whirr of their machinery as they went round, were irresistibly attractive 'o the average citizen's curiosity and emotions. He devoted to them almost all the powers of observation, speculation, and argument that he had left over from his business and domestic life; and his newspapers rated only the most shattering disasters, the most gruesome murders, as on a par with the discussion of minor political issues.

The issues we have today are hardly more obscure or less intimate and consequential. The average man can surely think his way through to logical conclusions on the questions of government regulation of private conduct and private business initiative; of disproportionate taxation; of American participation in world affairs—if he cares to take the trouble. The difference is that the old-time American did care.

As far back as the 1790s, despite the almost total absence of "journals of opinion," men of only the slightest for-

mal education had a keener sense of foreign policy and international politics than all but one out of a thousand of our contemporaries seem to have of world affairs today. Men knew rather intimately what their governments, state and federal, were doing all the time, and they cared. They thought of the government as being intimately themselves, and not an extraneous group of experts and political tricksters at Washington.

Today, with facilities for information unexcelled in history, one is confronted on every side with otherwise intelligent people who have no information at all. And instead of interest, one is confronted with their blank apathy. At the height of the 1924 presidential campaign, I overheard a rash elderly gentleman introduce politics into the general conversation of a Pullman smoker.

"Yeah, Coolidge is a good man," a salesman admitted. "Davis is a good man, too," said a vacationist. A long silence. The conversation was plainly ready to die of malnutrition. "Yeah, the country'll be safe no matter which is elected," another salesman yawned with finality. Thus the company had paid its polite tribute to the elderly man's incomprehensible interest in these tiresome matters.

It is this universal insistence upon simplifying issues that one finds perhaps the most striking sign of our new political decrepitude. The old-time American was interested in the complexities of issues. They were his means of entrapping his enemies and of impressing his friends with his learning. If the foreign debt question, for example, had arisen 40 years ago, he would have been full of complicated economic theories and statistics, showing the effect of vast international money transactions on export and import trade and the prosperity of the nation.

In the country store, the hotel lobby, the club, the neighborhood drug shop, the friendly dinner party, one can start almost instantly a fairly shrewd and lively conversation about batting

averages, golf scores, Jack Dempsey, Andy Gump, the vicissitudes of home-brewing and buying bootleg, the naughtiness of women's dress, the morals of the movie stars, the social significance of "flappers." But mention public affairs, and the normal group responds with apathetic platitudes or bored cynicism—and a quick change of subject.

When the old man Bartons are all dead, will anybody but stigmatized "highbrows" ever discuss public affairs at all?

Insofar as we cynically pronounce ourselves unable to shake off political incompetence and corruption whether interested or not; insofar as we let ourselves become afflicted with what Bryce called the "fatalism of the multitude" and evade all inquiry into public issues with the philosophy of "What's the use, let George do it while you and I talk about movie plots," we are approaching the borderline of unfitness for self-government.

If less than half of our eligible voters were at the polls in 1920 and barely half at the election of 1924, the fact that nothing in their daily human contacts had fired them to any political interest must be held primarily responsible. Of those who did go, how many, during these campaigns of subtle and complex bearing upon the future of the republic, were ever forced to defend their views against shrewd and vigorous opposition, or encouraged to formulate them in any constructive fullness among friends? Probably but an insignificant fraction of those who in 1896 and 1856 met such tests with gallantry and virile delight, and to the improvement of their mental resources and the character of their citizenship.

The danger is, that our apathy of today may become a fixed habit. We can breed up generations of slackers of democracy as easily as the other kind—perhaps more easily. Something of the old instinctive sense of the vitality of our institutions and of the citizen's intimate and individual relation to them must return, or we are likely to do it.

## Mexico Today

Excerpts from The Mentor (April '26)

Thomas F. Lee

**O**N the map Mexico looks like a horn of plenty with its mouth opening to the Rio Grande. . . . Bulging up from its center and running through it from north to south is a high plateau—a mountain or desert table, 95 per cent of which cannot be cultivated. This plateau covers by far the greater part of Mexico. Between the walls of this table and the Pacific is a narrow bench of alluvial land. A much wider strip lies between the plateau walls and the Gulf.

Economically the horn of plenty as a symbol of Mexico is misleading. The mass of her people seldom know the satisfaction of a full stomach. This is not so much the fault of soil and climate as of race heritage and government. True, Mexico is rich in mineral products, but great mineral wealth which can be exploited only by large capital has generally demoralized rather than given prosperity to poor and bankrupt nations.

Scarcely five per cent of Mexico's area—an area not so large as Ohio—is arable. The 95 per cent is made up of desert, mountains and hot, unhealthful lowlands, in which ordinary farming operations may not be successfully carried on without great capital.

Mexico is not a unified nation; it is a collection of loosely connected communities, each with its own separate customs, folk-ways and life. More than 26 different languages or dialects are spoken in the republic by as many different tribes, each of which refers to its own little valley or locality as "my country." The rest of the country is foreign to them.

These communities belong to various tribes and are worked in common for the general good. Attempts have been

made by certain administrations to buy or subdivide these communities, but the effect upon the Indian has been non-appreciable. Four hundred years of domination by a handful of Spaniards and a larger group of half-breeds has done little to change the Indian. He is still a pagan barbarian who, even after years of Catholicism, still worships his ancient gods.

Mexico is an Indian country. Most people think of it as Spanish. In Mexico today an estimate of two per cent of the population would greatly exaggerate the number of white people or men of superior race types. Thirty-five per cent of the population would likewise be an exaggerated estimate of the number of half-breeds—those in whom some white blood dilutes the Indian strain. The remaining 63 per cent is an inert, illiterate Indian mass not at all concerned with politics, education or progress.

During the 300 years of Spanish rule the country was cut up into enormous grants which were parceled out to favorites of the crown. Upon each of such tracts there were generally large numbers of Indians who "went with the land." They became serfs or peons who looked to the master for the petty needs of their sordid lives. These Indians, in addition to producing food for their own livelihood, in the aggregate produced a considerable surplus which helped to enrich the landowner.

Like the feudal system of old, these serfs were called upon to fight for the master—to defend his possessions or to make war upon others. The primitive government really revolved about these feudal lords. Of course in each great section of the country there would develop one man stronger than the rest who came to be the

powerful headman of that section. These conditions apply today.

The Indian, therefore, never thinks of the government or, above that, of the "president"—he thinks only of his own patron or master and fights for him.

An army in those days and in fact to the present time is not an organization of so many brigades—it is still, in large measure, a group of *caciques*, or headmen, with their henchmen, peons and Indians. One of the greatest problems of the Mexican "president" always has been to provide sufficient loot or income to keep these *caciques*, or generals, from turning against him and starting another revolution.

In the great mass of the people there is no national consciousness, there is no patriotism, as we understand it. The common soldier never fights for a principle—always does he give himself for some person, usually the petty official closest to him.

Mexico is an Indian country and the traditions of her masses come down from Toltec and Aztec sources. Her people do not think as we think. They do not react to a given set of circumstances as we would react to them. We never reach right conclusions when we try to judge them by our standards; hence, the conclusions of our government officials and private individuals are often wrong. This accounts for a continuous state of irritation in our relationships.

The Mexican constitution calls for regular elections and democratic government, but neither is possible with a 90 per cent population of Indians and peons of the lowest type. Mexico's rulers are not "presidents" as we think of presidents. They are dictators who control lawmaking, law enforcement and the courts. When a "president" fails to monopolize these functions a stronger dictator generally takes his place.

Mexico's rulers reach their office by force or show of force and not by the will of the people. Probably no form of government other than an unlimited dictatorship could control that

overwhelming majority of low race elements.

The president and the land commissioners can do pretty much as they please, under the present constitution, in the matter of land distribution. Under these conditions no one will buy or sell land, or lend money on rural properties in Mexico. The American can only buy land under permission of the Mexican president, and then only after having waived his rights as an American citizen. Failure to conform in this makes his property subject to outright confiscation.

Spanish is the official language of Mexico, but one-third of the population cannot understand it. There are no schools as we know schools. Almost none of the Indian and peon mass receives instruction in public schools. Outside of two dailies, used as publicity mediums for those in power in the capital, Mexico has no independent press in the American sense.

The marriage institution in many sections has been all but abolished through a divorce system whose latitude makes marriage a farce. In Yucatan a man might obtain a divorce within 24 hours, without notice to his wife. . . . A large number of the children born in Mexico today are "natural" born. One woman may have four children by as many different fathers. The care and upbringing of this brood devolves upon the mother, the father not even recognizing his parenthood.

Civilization in Mexico as it applies to the greater part of the population is in a semi-barbaric state. A small group of whites and half-breeds, the educated class (and, up to the present era of radicalism, the ruling class), know the same civilization that we have developed. They are highly educated, capable men. This limited group is civilization's only hope in that country today. They for four centuries have attempted to impose an Aryan civilization and culture upon a primitive mass. An observer must report that their effort has left slight imprint.

# America Takes the Lead in Aviation

Condensed from *The World's Work* (April '26)

*Howard Mingos*

**W**ITHIN the next few weeks more airplanes (and all of them American-built) will be flying on regular schedules in the United States than in all European countries combined.

Aircraft investigations of the past five years have been most important, for Congress has become educated in aviation matters. The Kelley bill, passed in February, 1925, went a long way toward forming a national air policy in authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract with private parties for flying the mails between designated points. Immediately a group of prominent men announced the formation of the National Air Transport to operate airplane services between principal cities. The character of the organizers produced striking results immediately. Bankers, capitalists, big business houses, and leaders in rail and water transport commenced talking air traffic and, moreover, investing their personal funds in aviation projects.

The Bingham bill has passed the Senate and is on its way through the House with the promise of members that it will become a law. The measure provides for a bureau of civil aviation in the Department of Commerce which shall control all civilian flying in the United States. All pilots must be licensed, their machines registered and supervised by periodic inspections to prove that they are safe. The department will chart airways for commercial use, procure landing fields, hangar equipment, repair shops, radio stations, aerial beacons, ground and route lights. The government, in short, will maintain public highways of the air, just as it provides lighthouses, harbors, radio service, ice

patrol, and other facilities for the merchant marine.

Secretary Hoover is prepared to place the bureau in operation immediately after receiving authority, and unless the unforeseen occurs the bureau will be functioning within a few months. Mr. Hoover possesses a keen vision of our immediate future in the air. He sees cargo planes operating between all large cities and controlled by financially sound companies organized like the railroads and merchant marine. He knows that the entire industry will become a self-supporting reserve in the defensive establishment. The industry is confident that Mr. Hoover will place American aviation so far on the road to permanent progress that there will be no chance of failure.

The operators now entering the field point to the increasing popularity of the transcontinental air mail route. The Federal air mail service has been developed from a short day line started between New York and Washington in 1918. It is now a day and night service between the coasts and more mail is carried through the air on that one route alone than in all other countries combined.

Night flying equipment has been developed here to a greater extent than in Europe. Recent tests with the radio direction finder show encouraging progress and it is believed that the day is not distant when pilots flying in storm, fog, mist, snow, and at night will be able to keep to the route regardless of their ability to see past the nose of the machine. It will be the greatest safety device in aviation.

The night route between New York and Chicago already returns a profit

to the Post Office Department. The service west of Chicago is not self-supporting but is showing gradual improvement. The public is becoming more generous with air mail stamps. The transcontinental route will be leased or sold to private companies when they prove their ability to operate it, or it will become a part of the national airways system under the Department of Commerce. It would then be available to the public, corresponding to the Lincoln Highway—fields, lights, and auxiliary equipment maintained by the government for private machines.

Another reason for widespread encouragement among flyers has been Henry Ford's entrance into aviation.

Late in January contracts had been let by the Post Office Department for nine routes, all to be in operation by April. These routes are: New York, Hartford and Boston; Chicago, Springfield and St. Louis; Chicago, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas; Salt Lake City and Los Angeles; Elko (Nev.), Boise (Ida.) and Pasco (Wn.); Detroit and Cleveland; Detroit and Chicago; Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles; Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Other routes which are scheduled to be operating or well under way before this article is published include a line between Cleveland and Birmingham, taking in Indianapolis, Louisville, and Nashville; another between Atlanta, Jacksonville and Miami; another between Los Angeles and Kansas City; and another between Ohio and New Orleans. According to present indications, more than 100 planes will be carrying the mails on American air routes before the end of the summer. Each company receives a *pro rata* share of the receipts for special air mail postage at 10 cents an ounce.

That is only a beginning. At first the companies are planning to carry only the mail, gradually working into parcel post, which offers a wide and profitable field. Passenger carrying will follow.

Approximately 100 air transport companies are in process of organization in the United States. A third are financed by private subscription. Another third are proceeding on a shoestring, trusting to luck and future events to pull them through. The remaining 30, possibly more, are stock-selling, blue-sky outfits that do not intend to operate and should be driven out of business before they unload their worthless shares on the public. There is little doubt that the history of commercial aviation will parallel that of surface transportation. Every medium from railroads to canals and motor cars has claimed its share of sacrifices.

One hundred and ten cities are now preparing air harbors for the craft which they expect in the near future.

The uses for aircraft are amazing in their variety. One company alone is using 20 planes in "cotton dusting" to exterminate the boll weevil. It is officially estimated that the maximum use of planes for this purpose alone would save the cotton growers about \$135,000,000 a year. The U. S. Topographic Survey plans to cover 44 per cent of its field work in 1925 by airplanes, with a saving to the government of about \$9,000,000. Three of the larger aerial photographic companies aggregated nearly a million dollars in 1925. Other planes are flying in forest fire patrols, timber cruising, relief work, and in fact, all emergency duties where speed is essential.

This country is geographically fitted for air traffic on a scale impossible in Europe. Distances are vast. Unlike Europe's, our transportation does not radiate from one or two cities. There are about 50 centers, all important. Standards of living are higher here. More traveling is done per capita and more mail carried than anywhere else. With Federal supervision of civil aviation and with the general interest it is believed that we shall be able to maintain our lead in the air, chiefly because everybody now recognizes that it is possible for us to do it.

# Taking the Curse Off Labor

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (April '26)

*Agnes C. Laut*

WHEN first I knew Minnesota, an attendance of 400 at the State University was trumpeted as a triumph for higher education. There are today in the State University and its extensions and affiliations 20,000 students.

When first I visited Washington, 200 graduates a year were subject for congratulations. There are today, 3000 students in Washington University.

Now, a lot of persons are asking where this growing army of graduates are to get jobs in an area whose peculiar demand is the horny hand and brawny muscle for forest, mine and farm. Will the white-collar and kid-glove graduate doff collar and glove for blisters from an axe, aching muscles from a miner's pick, and tired back from plow and pitchfork?

It is well known that one big Middle West university last year graduated more teachers than there were teachers' jobs open in the whole state. It is also equally well known that in the slump of 1920-23, there were more starving lawyers and doctors and professional men than there were clients and patients and customers. Perhaps "starving" is too strong a word; but it is the word they, themselves, used in confessional moods.

I was having dinner one night with President and Mrs. Suzzalo of Washington University. President Suzzalo had worked up from a penniless Slav-Italian boy to where he is recognized as one of the wisest heads in the West. I said to him:

"You have 8000 students attending a university in a country where the primary need is for men to turn metals and logs and soil into cash. Will your white-collar boys and girls do it? Your masons and bricklayers and car-

penters today are earning more than your doctors and lawyers and preachers. What are all these graduates going to do with their education to earn a living?"

"How are they going to earn their living? By taking the curse off labor," the President replied. "If the teacher and the preacher and the doctor and the lawyer are getting, we'll say, only from \$1000 to \$2500 a year, which is, we'll say, from \$3 to \$7 a day, and the mechanic is getting from \$10 to \$20, the cultured man is going to carry his trained mind into mechanics and 'take the curse off labor.' It will make culture universal instead of the privilege for the few."

"But with four centuries, more or less, of false ideals as to what constitutes an aristocracy of worth, will white collars and kid gloves take to brawn and blisters?"

"They'll have to. Necessity forces these things."

That week I motored down to two of the greatest lumber mills in the world—one was the Weyerhaeuser; the other was the Long-Bell at the new city of Longview on the Columbia. Now I have known lumber mills all my life; and the lumber-mill machines are the most human monsters I know on earth. The chains and derricks haul up like matches logs that are giants. A machine barks them as a boy would whittle a switch. The great saws and levers toss them like chips and the planed boards or bridge timbers slip out like tape from a ticker. Another derrick and the boards and timbers are being swung aboard ships and rail cars.

Yet there were brains—trained, cultured brains and trained human hands behind the machine. Here was the waste of sawdust, shavings, scant-

lings being burned to generate enough electricity to light and heat a city, to cut the logs in the forest, to hoist those logs on flat cars, to run those cars to the water front or mill, then to run a mill which yearly turns out enough lumber for 40,000 houses of five or six rooms—and all with less physical drudgery than the shifting of gears on a motor car.

One of the most marvelous operations is the sawing of the big timbers to boards in lengths of from 2 to 50 feet by a man who operates a switch-board as easily as one would run a typewriter but demanding concentration to the *n*th degree, and good judgment to avoid waste.

But what I wanted to know was, how would the university graduate fare here.

"In the first place, we employ no unskilled men here," said the manager. "We can't afford them. We employ the last word in machinery to do the drudgery and increase the output; but we must always have the man with the trained mind to think for the machine. He must be master of the machine. He must be its brains.

"He must think as quickly as the machine acts; and he must have good judgment to handle it to prevent waste in length, cut, thickness, character of the board, grain of the wood, discard knot holes, snip off slightly decayed or water-spoiled ends and that sort of thing. The first requirement of a good operative in the new electric mechanics is that he must have brains to think for the machines."

"Then good-by old bunk houses with straw beds and pork and beans. You'll have to supply college dormitories and modern hotels and hospitals—"

"Go out and see them," said the manager.

I did. I found the workers' inns clean, modern, scientific as a hospital. In two great mill centers visited, there was a bathroom between each two bedrooms. There were libraries. There were pool and billiard rooms

and swimming pools and tennis courts and radios and phonographs and dance halls and athletic departments.

I also found where many of the women graduates are absorbed. I found them in the scientific kitchens—only they didn't call them "maids." They were "diet specialists." I found them in the libraries, in the hospitals, in the community houses acting ostensibly as entertainers but really as mentors. These conditions are more general than exceptional from the paper mills and lumber mills in the hinterlands of James Bay to the big timbers of Northern British Columbia and Washington and Oregon.

The last day I was in Longview was the end of the university year; and in that week came university graduates from as far south as Missouri, and as far north as Canada, seeking manual jobs; and 70 had been placed in one day. The minimum wage was \$100 a month. The highest placed was a technical chap at \$300—as much as the governors of some states get to-day. . . .

Consider what the machine is doing today. The self-binder drawn by a tractor will cut 40 acres in ten hours, or what formerly required the back-breaking work of 40 men for 16 hours a day, for rich crops know no union hours.

One signal on a rail track today replaces the labor of seven, and though you may howl over the displaced seven men, also think of the lone lantern man in wintry blizzards at 40 degrees below.

I saw on the Pacific, salmon brought in, which were cleaned, cut, cooked, canned, sealed and put on a vessel ready for shipment within one half hour from the time the fish were tossed up from the nets, uncontaminated by a human hand after the first toss. I saw the same thing with strawberries after the first hand-picking and hulling.

Yes, the curse is being taken off labor, as President Suzzalo said.

## Fletcherizing in Reading

Condensed from The Golden Book (April '26)

Lewis Carroll

**B**REAKFAST, luncheon, dinner. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means: but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue, as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours." "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy, and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer."

Well it is, I say, for us that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor, and have its pulse felt.

"Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately."

"Ah, I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. Take care now!"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food. We very soon learn what foods will, and what will not agree with the body; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some lines of reading are.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount*. Mental gluttony, or over-reading, is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite: we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting?

I have heard a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was mere gluttony and want of exercise—that "the earliest symptom of hyper-nutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue," and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat.

I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a **FAT MIND**? I really think I have met with one or two: minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation; could not jump over a logical fence, to save their lives; always got stuck fast in a narrow argument; and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Having settled the proper kind and amount of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper intervals* between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication, so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules, for the body, are also applicable at once to the mind.

First, as to the intervals: these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes. I believe that the interval required is much shorter than is generally supposed, and from personal experience, I would recommend anyone, who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought, to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour, leaving off for five minutes only each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely "out of gear" for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest.

And then, as to the mastication of the food, the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read. This is a very much greater exertion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our Author. So much greater an exertion is it, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the undigested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the flood. But the greater the exertion the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect. One hour of steady thinking over a subject is worth two or three of reading only.

And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and "ticketing," so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Many a man hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything. A well-read man, on the other hand, is he who has sorted his knowledge into properly ticketed bundles; who *thinks over* what he reads, questions or confirms it through reflection, and associates it with other related information or ideas already on file in his own mind.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his very amusing book, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, gives the following rule for knowing whether a human being is young or old: "The crucial experiment is this—offer a bulky bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is easily accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established." He tells us that a human being, "if young, will eat anything at any hour of the day or night."

To ascertain the healthiness of the *mental appetite* of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject—a *mental bun*, in fact. If it is read with eager interest and perfect attention, and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards, the mind is in first-rate working order. If it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of *The Mysterious Murder?*" you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the *mental digestion*.

## What Burbank Still Plans to Do

Condensed from the Popular Science Monthly (April '26)

H. H. Dunn

“**W**HAT is yet to be done?” Luther Burbank repeated my question in a tone of gentle scorn. “Everything! I have made only a beginning in the development of plants in the service of man. In the next five years I hope to produce plants with grains and fruits larger than any we have at present, with more varied flavors and colors, with better storing and shipping qualities, with more nutriment and less waste, and with every poisonous or injurious element eliminated.

“There is hardly a day in which I do not learn something new from the plants in my garden. In the years to come I hope to be able to do more useful work than I have done, even in the fruitful years just passed.”

Luther Burbank stood on the threshold of his 78th year that morning I talked with him in Santa Rosa. Behind him lay more than 50 years of continuous effort. But in the active mind of Burbank, the wizard of growing things, is supreme confidence that he will fill his unique place in the world for many years. Calm, temperate, industrious, he works ten hours a day, six days a week. A patient man, he has grown and destroyed nine million specimens of one variety of plant to obtain a single perfect one.

It is since he passed his 70th milestone that Luther Burbank has brought his most important plant developments to completion. In these last few years he has produced his composite black walnut tree, which in ten years attains the size of a 50-year-old wild black walnut and has a wood as fine-grained and valuable as the wild tree; his chestnut tree, that begins to produce at six months and is in full bearing in two years; his late-

bearing cherry tree, with clusters of cherries nearly an inch in diameter; a mulberry tree with leaves twice as large and thick as the ordinary mulberry, worth millions to the silk industry of the Orient.

He has brought out a new wheat having heads inches longer than any other. This wheat, suitable for all climates, has seven to ten more grains to the head, ripens earlier, and resists disease better than other kinds. He has perfected a beardless, hull-less white barley almost indistinguishable from wheat, with six to eight grains added to each head; and a new rye that grows twice as high as any other and has five to seven more grains to the head.

The Burbank free-stone prune, six inches in circumference, has added millions to the incomes of California fruit growers. He has raised a sunflower with a head 18 inches in diameter, which grows with its blossoms turned toward the earth, so that the birds cannot harvest the seeds; and a new asparagus with stalks nearly three inches in diameter and as tender at the base as at the tip. Most remarkable of all the Burbank wonders is a spineless cactus, a wonderful cattle food.

In the last two years Burbank has presented to the world a new type of corn with more and larger kernels and shorter stalks than any other species. More than 15,000 experiments were necessary to develop this, and one of his plans for the future is to add more and larger kernels to each ear of this corn.

“What we need most today,” Mr. Burbank said to me, “is not more varieties of food-producing plants, but greater production from those we

have, so that the same number of acres with the labor of fewer men shall produce many times as much food.

"In the next few years I hope to produce fruits that will have the power to resist heat, cold, dampness, and the attacks of fungi and insect pests. I hope also to produce fruit without seeds, stones, spines, or thorns.

"The world needs, and we shall develop, better fiber plants; better coffee and tea plants; more productive spice shrubs; trees that will produce pure rubber in larger quantities and can be tapped as are maple trees. Now, in the tropical rubber forests, the gathering of the rubber means the destruction of the tree.

"We need, too, nuts which contain more oil, new and better dyewoods, plants that will produce starches in profitable quantities, and plants that will yield better perfumes than the synthetic perfumes now manufactured. We need trees exclusively for wood pulp, and other trees that will grow more rapidly than wild trees and produce larger quantities of timber.

"Every one of these developments, and thousands more, are within our reach. Man is just beginning to realize that he may some time control certain forces of nature and guide them to produce desired results with a rapidity and sureness hitherto undreamed of."

Luther Burbank's first important contribution was the Burbank potato. For this discovery he received \$150, and with this modest capital and a supply of his famous tubers, he left his native state of Massachusetts for California. If he had been able to patent this improved potato and had received a royalty of one cent on each bushel that has been grown and sold, he would today be the world's richest man.

Burbank believes that the most important lesson he has learned in more than a half century of study of nature is that the laws applicable to the production of improved plant life may be

applied with equal success to the improvement of human beings.

"One law governs all; it governs the plants and it governs us," he said earnestly. "In human breeding, as in plant breeding, there is no satisfactory substitute for intelligent selection and crossing. Here in America, nature is forming a mighty combination of various races. If the right principles are followed, we may hope for a race far better and stronger than Americans of today; a magnificent race. But crossing, even when guided by intelligence, produces a myriad of inferior types while producing a few good types. Often, I have produced a million plant specimens to find one or two superlatively good—and then destroyed all the inferior specimens.

"Inferior human beings, of course, cannot be treated as if they were inferior plants. But if civilization is to endure, some way must be found to produce more of the fit, and fewer of the unfit. Like plant development, racial improvement is a matter of heredity, selection, proper crossing, and environment. We must begin with the child. To improve the race, the children of the race must be healthy. I could not work successfully with diseased plants that would spread disease among the other plants. Marriage of the physically, mentally and morally unfit should be prohibited, and that prohibition made absolute.

"For half a century there has been growing steadily in my mind the knowledge that in the development of the plant lies a great object lesson for human beings. This fact I consider my most valuable discovery. I have proved it many times, and I may state it in two sentences:

"First, that plants are pliable and amenable to the wishes of man, and that they may be bred and trained and developed just as animals may be bred and trained and improved. Second, that the human plant, the child, may be trained, developed and improved just as, under the hand of a skilled botanist, the best that is in each plant may be brought out."

# Horse Bandits and Opium

Condensed from The Forum (April '26)

Ken Nakazawa

**M**OST of the opium traffic in China is conducted by "Ma Fei," horse bandits, that powerful, well organized, ably directed band of outlaws in Manchuria, and unless we find the means to control these bandits, we cannot hope to suppress the traffic in narcotics.

Ma Fei includes men of all classes and conditions. There are common robbers as well as political exiles. There are soldiers out of pay, and aspirants for governmental positions. This turning of soldiers into bandits occurs quite frequently, as can be seen from the adage that "To maintain soldiers is to maintain robbers."

It may seem strange that aspirants for governmental positions should attempt to realize their ambition by entering the ranks of Ma Fei. But, as a little study of Who's Who in China will prove, the Chinese Government actually does give high positions to bandit leaders.

As there are many who conduct banditry as an avocation—tradesmen and farmers who participate in order to tide over hard times—it is impossible to determine the number of men who constitute Ma Fei. All we know is that Ma Fei consists of about 95 divisions, and that each of these divisions has one leader and from 40 to 1000 men.

Ma Fei are thoroughly acquainted with the land they work on, and move about with the stealth and swiftness of the fabled ghost riders. They are well supplied with firearms, from machine guns down to revolvers. But they are not well equipped with ammunition, and seldom waste it. Any one found wasting bullets is given three incense sticks; which means that he must stand guard until three incense sticks burn to ashes. Ransom

is sometimes demanded in terms of powder as well as of money.

Because terrorism is an effective weapon, Ma Fei are highly vindictive, punishing their enemies with unspeakable atrocities. It is not unusual for them to carry off the wife and children of their enemy, and sell them into slavery, or torture them to death, writing in the meantime to the enemy of the treatment his loved ones are receiving at their hands.

We can surmise the extent of the power wielded by Ma Fei from the fact that the Government often offers high positions to some of them. Another proof of their power is the existence of the system of burglar insurance which is conducted, not against Ma Fei, but in cooperation with them. The express company where the insurance is sold, insures the safe transportation of luggage on the strength of the pact it has made with the bandits.

Like other bandits, Ma Fei rob, kidnap, and blackmail. But in most cases they indulge in these pursuits in order to earn the cost of opium production. That is why they are comparatively inactive—that is, inactive as robbers—during the opium season between June and August. During this period they are too busy with the care of the great secret gardens to waylay travelers, or kidnap them for ransom. They hide themselves in the forests of the northwestern part of Kirin province, and grow the "dream flowers," or protect those who grow them.

This care of the great secret gardens is an ideal occupation for Ma Fei. In the first place, the dream flowers do not require much care, needing but to be thinned and seeded occasionally. In the second place,

they bring enormous profit, which amounts to about \$200 per capita—a profit which it takes an average farmer in China about four years to earn.

Opium is manufactured from the sap extracted from the capsule of white poppies. The capsule is cut near the stem, at first lightly, then deeply. The sap which flows from the cut is gathered, boiled down, bottled, and buried in the ground. It is really better to sun-dry the sap than to boil it, for then the product will be pink in color instead of brown, and have a much better flavor. But Ma Fei do not like to risk discovery.

In addition to the actual profit on the crop, Ma Fei collect a fee for protecting the growers. The average fee is from \$40 to \$70 worth of opium for each "One Hand Knife." The term One Hand Knife means two men, because of the fact that in harvesting opium two men work side by side, one knifing the capsules and the other collecting the sap. As there are vast numbers of growers working under their protection, this fee amounts to thousands of dollars. The yearly output of opium in Manchuria is about 50,000 pounds, and nine-tenths of this opium is produced by, or under the protection of Ma Fei.

Opium manufacture is therefore an ideal occupation for Ma Fei, and the bandits will not give it up while there is breath left in them. That is why experts on the opium situation agree on the point that Ma Fei must be exterminated before the opium traffic can be suppressed.

Yes, Ma Fei must be exterminated, but how? No one is able to answer this question with certainty. Of course we can say many things,—that the Chinese Government should open a direct attack upon Ma Fei and not stop until the last member of the organization is brought to justice; that the Government should stabilize itself so that there will be more national unity; that the soldiers should be paid regularly so that they will not be tempted into bribery; that the police system

should be reenforced; that the Government should find some profitable form of livelihood for the people in Manchuria, and thereby keep them from the lure of opium money. But no one knows how effective and feasible these measures are.

There is, however, one thing we can do, one long, fundamental course we can take. We can help the Chinese to have more constructive patriotism, and less hero worship. The Chinese are great hero worshippers. They are always waiting for some such superman as Chang Liang, Con Ming, or Tseng Con Ming to appear and lead them into fame and fortune. And one of the easiest ways to become a hero in their eyes is to collect a number of men and defy the Government. Fundamentally China is a democratic country, and the people have the right to banish any ruler who has proved himself unworthy of his position as the Son of Heaven. In the last 2000 years China has been governed by many dynasties succeeding one another, not through inheritance, but by the right of conquest, and whenever a new dynasty came into power certain subjects of the former dynasty have shown their courage and loyalty by turning themselves into bandits and defying the new Government. These subjects have performed many remarkable feats, and the memory of their heroic deeds is treasured and glorified in the literature of the country.

It is this tendency to idolize the anti-governmental heroes that must be toned down. It is a slow, laborious task, requiring years and years of effort; but it must be done if we would free China from the grip of bandits. In this respect I am glad that America is spreading Christianity in that country, and at the same time educating Chinese students in accordance with Western ideals. Many wonders are being worked by sons of the dragon who have been educated in America. May this work of christianizing and westernizing the Chinese continue, and drive from its throne the power behind the opium traffic.

# The Unions Lose San Francisco

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (April '26)

David Warren Ryder

NOT until the triumphant campaign of 1876 in San Francisco was trade unionism an active, go-getting, bellicose force in America. It was the brilliant effectiveness, political and otherwise, of Dennis Kearney's Workingmen's Party that gave unionism in the Middle West and East the encouragement it then so desperately needed, and prepared the way for that gigantic organization, the American Federation of Labor.

In San Francisco unionism grew like a weed, and a decade after the campaign saw almost every skilled trade unionized. Not a hammer was lifted, a brick laid, or a pipe fitted without the sanction of the unions. Let an employer discharge a drunken or incompetent workman without the union's consent and he found himself facing a strike, compelled to reinstate the discharged workman, and pay him and his fellows for the time they were out. Here are some rules that were rigidly enforced in the building industry alone:

The roofers' union would not allow an asphalt heater to commence work before eight o'clock; the rest of the crew had to loaf half an hour while the asphalt was heating.

The bricklayers' union limited the number of bricks a member was allowed to lay in a day, and prohibited apprentices for many years.

No plumber was allowed to bend a pipe to fit into an offset, but was required to use more fittings instead, to cause more work.

Detailed reports had to be made. Men who did more work than the standard set by the union were disciplined for their efficiency.

No employer was allowed to stay on a plumbing job more than two hours a day.

The plasterers' union demanded double time for Saturday morning, and strictly prohibited labor-saving devices.

That was the Golden Age of unions, and their power in industry was matched by their power in politics. Not until 1912 was their political power finally shattered. When their downfall came at last, it was a debacle indeed. To-day, though they still exist on paper, they are wholly impotent. It was the old, old story of what happened to the calf when it got too much rope. For years the unions had their own way, grew in size and strength, seized more and more power. During the war there was not even a show of opposition to them. What they asked for they got, and they asked for plenty. Finally in December, 1920, there came the show-down.

The public was showing, by an increasing reluctance to build at all, that it was tired of being made the goat. The unions made new wage demands. The contractors not only refused to acquiesce, but countered with a proposal for decreases in certain crafts. After several weeks of bickering the entire dispute was submitted to a wage arbitration board, both sides agreeing in writing to abide by its findings. That award reduced wages in seventeen of the fifty-two building trades crafts by 7½ per cent. The unions refused to accept the award, and on May 9th the whole building trades group struck, tying up the whole city.

Up to this time the community at large had taken no more than a perfunctory interest in the matter. Now it became a community catastrophe: something had to be done. A group of business and professional men met and decided to try the open shop—in other words, to tackle the unions head on, and try to dispose

of them. This obviously meant a bitter fight and money was necessary. The group called in the financial leaders of the city, and in less than two hours had pledges of nearly two million dollars. Then they sent for the contractors, who were weeping and moaning, and got their promise that if the open shop scheme were adopted, they—the contractors—would not switch back as soon as the immediate emergency was over and the unions offered to call off the strike.

With these preparations made, the open shop was announced to take effect in the building trades on July 1st, and an organization known as the Industrial Association was formed to take charge of enforcing it. Workers were recruited throughout the country to replace those on strike. At the same time a public announcement was made that there was no desire and would be no attempt to destroy the unions, and inviting the strikers to return to work with the assurance that there would be no discrimination against them, but with the proviso that they must not refuse to work with non-union men. Many returned; and to replace those who did not, men were rapidly brought in from outside, and by the middle of August the building industry was operating at 60 or 70 per cent of its normal strength. Then the strikers, seeing their jobs going to outsiders, voted in defiance of their leaders to return to work as individuals under the open shop.

By the end of the year, the fight was over and the unions were in collapse. Complete industrial peace reigned. But only for a few months. It was discovered that the plumbing contractors were backslding on their agreement to support the open shop. They claimed that to organize non-union crews would cause them to lose money. The Industrial Association, knowing that if the union plumbers won it would only be a matter of a few months until every other

craft was back in the saddle, and all the old union rules and regulations restored, decided instantly on a plan to hold the wobbling contractors in line. There was established the permit system, under which no plumbing contractor who would not agree to conduct his job as an open shop could get a permit to buy plumbing materials. The dealers agreed to require such permits before making sales. The contractor was not compelled to employ even 50 per cent of union men. A crew of ten union men and two non-union men was satisfactory.

Since the termination of the plumbers' and plasterers' strikes (early in 1923) there has not been a job or jurisdictional strike in the building trades of San Francisco. (There were more than 40 in the three years immediately prior to the adoption of the open shop.)

The unions, of course, continue to exist in San Francisco. Their more optimistic leaders even claim a greater union membership than ever before. But the unions have been deprived of their old despotic control over industry. From 80 to 90 per cent of the manual labor of San Francisco is now done under open shop conditions.

What has been the effect of all this? During the first year of the open shop, building construction jumped nearly 100 per cent and has been increasing constantly since. Through the abolition of restrictions on output and efficiency, costs to the employer have been cut appreciably. As for the employes, union and non-union: work has never so steady nor more plentiful; there have been no decreases in wages, and several increases. The average union man has ceased to be a two-fisted battler, ready to strike at the drop of a hat, and has become a property-owning, tax-paying, respectable citizen. The old gaudy days are gone. The walking delegate walks softly, and his old roar is heard no more.

# Our Voice Speaks for Itself

Condensed from Pictorial Review (April '28)

*Corinne Lowe*

**H**OW strangely they speak—these Americans!" I overheard an Englishwoman say to her companion, in Paris. "Always through their noses, isn't it? Haven't they any vocal chords?"

"I think not, my dear," was the prompt retort. "Their vocal chords seem to be—er—'The Lost Chord'."

Recently I made bold to ask a young man—a descendant of a Revolutionary general—if he had ever had any suggestions either at preparatory school or university regarding pronunciation.

"Naw," retorted he with characteristic elegance. "My profs were all sub busy gettin' sumpin' into my bean they didn't have time for that."

Since then I have asked numerous other college men the same question. Invariably I get the identical response. These young Americans come out of their halls of learning with no ability to speak English.

Now, what are the chief faults of our average American voice? To begin with, it is flat, shrill, and without any body. Why, indeed, should it not be? For clarity begins at the diaphragm, and that's the last thing which we think of using in our conversation. No, what we do is to improvise a chirp high up in the throat and then project that chirp against the nose.

In the perfect rendition of this nasal twang which is our favorite melody from coast to coast the flat American "a" is almost an essential instrument. These are the "a's" which occur in such words as "mask," "ask," "past," "last," "grant," "dance," etc., and which we pronounce with the same vowel-sound that occurs properly in "cat"—only worse.

Now, I do not hold to the doctrine of the extremely spacious "a" in the

group of words I have just mentioned. What I strive to do is to give an intermediate sound—something between "cat" and "calm." When I make a real success of this vowel I consciously open the lips—aye, more, my very jaws—and give the poor old starved "a" some room.

The other day I was listening to a stenographer in a New York office and this is what she said: "I said to LIL, 'Whatcha gonna do 'bout it? If I gotta stop eatin' tuh get thin, 'sme for thuh stylish stouts. Trouble with me is I just love t' eat, uhn when we have sumpin' good at noight—yuh know, like a roasta pork—I just keep pickin' uhn pickin'."

The words were humorous enough, but oh, the way she said them! Her upper lip was drawn down and held rigidly straight across her teeth. Her lower lip, parted faintly, may have moved, but, if so, as reluctantly as a boy told to go out and pull weeds. Her voice was manufactured somewhere in the mouth and the product was expelled entirely through the nose.

Here was an extreme case of an almost universal American defect. It is really no wonder that we speak through our noses. There is often no other exit available. For, as a nation, we are lazy-lipped and lazy-jawed. We keep our mouths closed like the front room of an old-fashioned farmhouse, and when we do move our lips they are as stiff as an old gentleman of 90.

I recall the story of a girl who was selected for a part in an amateur production. When she turned up in the first rehearsal the professional actor called on to direct the production tore his hair.

"My dear girl," said he, "send that nose of yours to a rest-cure and use

your lips—also your jaws. After all, they're perfectly respectable members of the human organism."

Aside from the faults of our tone-production, we American women have a tendency to scream. What a noise we make when four or five are gathered together! Just notice the next time that you go to a tea and admit that almost every guest makes the circus-barker sound like the murmur of Summer bees.

We are an excitable people and it is reflected in our voices. We raise our tones because we are nervous and we become nervous because we raise our tones. As a matter of fact, I know of no more reliable sedative than to hear oneself speak in a low tone. Try it and see. Truly, a soft answer turneth away our own wrath—or any other over-strained mood.

Now as to the crimes of our mispronunciation. The chief of these are committed against "you." "Haveyuh," "didyuh," "whatcha," and so on through a long list of misdemeanors! A great help is constituted by these in perpetuating the nasal twang. In fact, if you separate your pronoun and your verb; if you say, "Did you," "Have you," etc., with care to give each syllable its full value, you will find that it is almost impossible to implicate the nose.

Along with "juh" and "yuh," "gonna" is also become one of our national deities. This is another great aid to nasality. Say "going to" instead of "gonna" and you will notice the difference. In this same breath let me speak of the way in which we often drop our final "g's"—just as if they burned the mouth or tasted like ipecac or something. Do let us taste our "g's, and in time—like olives and caviar—we may learn to like them.

There is a host of other inaccuracies which one hears on every side. Instead of using the correct short "o" in "coffee" many say "cawfee." In place of "londry" one usually hears "lawndry." Many say "awranges" for

"oranges." Indeed, some people treat a short "o" as if it were the most disreputable member of the alphabet.

But one of the most flagrant examples of our slovenly speech occurs when we say "yes." We should, of course, open our mouths and emit a clean, crisp, short "e," but our favored method is to hold the lips rigid and then drag out "y-a-a-s" through the one available exist. Similarly, we say "suh" for "so." And as for the "the," if the following noun begins with a vowel we are all too prone to make it lose its identity altogether and to say "th'elevated" or "th'eel."

Finally, how about "car"? Usually we slam this word straight against the nose. Now, one doesn't exactly have to say "cah." I believe in final "r's," but I don't believe in them as a gargoyle.

My last word on the subject of our great national blemish concerns the obstinacy with which we use "will" and "won't" in the first person for "shall" and "sha'n't" In the grammar-school we have learned that "will" expresses opposed volition and that "shall" expresses futurity. Apparently most of us believe that this bit of knowledge has no more to do with our daily lives than has a Sanskrit dictionary. Therefore in this country we hear many a university professor say, "I won't be long"—just as if he were encountering the most ferocious opposition to his will.

Alas and alack! And in London the very cabbies say, "I sha'n't be long!" It is one of the most irritating of the slipshod ways which have given us among Europeans the reputation for inelegant speech.

How long are we going to mar our chic, our wit—all our superior endowment—with a speech that is a cross between a Mother Hubbard wrapper and a magpie? How long are we going to permit the European of all nationalities to shrug, "Charming! But just listen to them speak!"?

## Down on the Fish Farm

Condensed from the *Scientific American* (April '26)

Milton Wright

**O**N the platter the waiter set down before us reposed a broiled trout, glistening with the golden melted butter running down its sides. We slipped our knife under the skin to lay bare the firm white meat, visioning as we did so the hip-booted angler in some mountain brook casting his bright colored fly to lure this morsel to our table. Then, imbedded in the fish's tail, we saw a small metal tag with the letters "NYSSCO" and our picture of the fisherman vanished. This brook trout had never seen a brook.

Back of that metal tag lies the story of an important and growing industry. To get that story the writer sought a typical fish hatchery in Paradise Valley up in the Pocono Mountains. It is not only the largest commercial institution of its kind in the country, but it is complete, supplying hotels, restaurants and markets with trout for food, furnishing fish eggs to most of the state conservation commissions and selling small trout to wealthy sportsmen and fishing clubs to stock their streams. For, today, whether you catch a trout in the brook or order it at the hotel, its first home was the hatchery.

As with every hatchery, the water supply is all important. Preferably it should be spring water free from limestone. Here are ten mountain springs bubbling up with water incredibly soft, all converging into one rapidly flowing pool with sluices and gates to control the supply readily in the event of freshets. Below are a score of pools surrounding a long wooden hatchery building, the whole enclosed by a high wire fence to keep out poachers.

Each pool is at a lower level than the one preceding it, the water from one spilling down into the next and

so becoming aerated. Each pond is an elongated hexagon in shape. Were it rectangular the water would be likely to lie dormant in the corners, the current running through the center. Each pond is cleaned frequently by draining off the water and sweeping out the sediment with a broom.

Trout swim thickly about in each pool, the big fellows in one, smaller in another, still smaller in a third, and so on. If by some chance a large trout wiggles through a wicket into a pond of smaller ones, every man of the organization drops whatever he is doing and joins in the chase after that one trout. He is a cannibal and if he should be left undisturbed there soon would be none of the little trout left. If necessary, they shoot him.

In these pools the fish are carried along until they are two years old. The water, coming out of the ground close by, is warmer than the air and never freezes over, except in the last pond, where it is so deep the trout can swim about freely far below the ice. In the spring time they are fed twice a day; the rest of the year, they are fed once daily. For the older fish the food consists of chopped beef hearts or sheep pluck. In some hatcheries chopped fish is used for food.

It is interesting to note that scarcely a day passes when the fishing season opens, without several fishermen who have had no luck in the brooks, coming to the hatchery to fill up their creels.

November is the spawning time. The trout are caught in nets and carried in tubs into the hatchery, where there are two divided troughs. Into one end of a trough the fish are dumped. One man, acting as a stripper, grasps the fish, tail down, with his left hand, and rubs his hand firmly, pressing not too hard, down the

fish's belly. From the female fish, from 400 to 600 eggs squirt. Each cream-colored egg is about half the size of a pea. The milt from the male fish is stripped in a similar manner into the same pan. After each fish is stripped it is tossed into a trough of running water, the males in one trough, the females into another.

After handling about 30 of the three-year-old females, the stripper has a quart and a half—or 15,000 to 18,000—of eggs. These eggs, together with the milt from the male fish are then washed, spread on a screen bottomed tray and leveled off. The dead eggs are picked out. A pair of little wooden pincers is sometimes used for this. A better method, however, is to take a small syringe, blow about until you find a dead egg, suck it in against the mouth of the syringe and blow it off into a refuse basket. A dead egg may be recognized by its white color. If it is not eliminated from the others it will contaminate them.

Washing the eggs enables them to fill up with water, a condition necessary to their fertilization by the milt they have been mixed with. Each tray is then set gently into one of the many hatching troughs that fill the building. These troughs are the incubators—the home of the embryo trout until they graduate from eggs into "fry." They must be handled as little as possible, although every other day they must be sorted over and the dead ones removed. The warmer the water is the sooner they will hatch.

In 30 to 45 days the eggs begin to "eye up." Two black spots appear; they are the eyes, the first part of the creature to show in the hatching process. The eyes grow stronger, the body develops and in 20 to 45 days more the eggs hatch and the tiny wisps of shell fall through the tray's mesh bottom.

Each tiny fry comes free of his shell carrying his own lunch basket. This is a sac attached to his abdomen and it holds the nourishment he absorbs as he grows. The food sac gets smaller as the trout grows larger until the sac is completely absorbed. Then the baby trout at this stage swims up to the top of the water and dives about as if looking for food. This is about 35 days after he has hatched from his shell.

His first food is finely ground beef liver. As the fish grow, the quantity of food is increased and is ground less fine. At first the fish are fed five times a day.

Until spring the fry are kept in the troughs. Then they are put in brooding pools and as they grow they are thinned out to give them more room. When they get to be the size of a man's finger they are called "fingerlings." They continue to grow and to be sorted into other pools until they reach the age of two or three years, when, with the help of the stripper, it is their privilege to achieve parenthood. Such is the cycle of trout life at the hatchery.

There are many natural enemies to be outwitted. A fish hawk swoops down, snatches up a trout, plays with it, drops it in a field and then goes back for another one. Last summer a small boy with a gun, at 25 cents a bird, brought down 80. Or a blue heron comes at night, and the next night invites all his relations to join him. Or a kingfisher perches atop a fence post to survey his intended catch. The thing to do with him is to set a spring trap on the post.

Or a water snake makes trouble. There was one that worked its way through a valve and held his mouth up to a wire screen and drank in the small fish as they came against it. And there is the small green heron, the frog, the barn rat—all are creatures of prey constantly to be fought.

## Beating the Broadway Drum

Condensed from The American Magazine (April '26)

An Interview with C. P. Greneker by Mary B. Mullett

**S**CORES of men and women employ a "publicity representative"; someone whose business it is to keep their names before the public. These persons include politicians, business men and women; social leaders; writers and lecturers, actors and actresses. Within the past ten years "handling publicity" has become a recognized profession. The big idea is to keep a person, or an enterprise, before the public, and in a favorable light.

Of all the press agents in New York, and their name is legion, probably the best known and the busiest is C. P. Greneker, of the Shubert offices. He supervises the paid advertisements of the "shows" he is handling. And he enhances this advertising with publicity, in the form of stories which are printed in the *reading columns* of the papers. They are not paid for, but are published like any other kind of news.

To get these stories into the papers is not easy, for the competition is fierce. Every day, batches of news items about the Shubert productions are sent to more than 1000 papers all over the country. These shows may later reach these towns; if not, some of the people in these towns may visit New York. Mr. Greneker wants them to be interested in advance; and the best way to get them interested is to have things printed about the productions in local newspapers.

"One of the best ways to get people interested in a play, or a star," Mr. Greneker explained, "is to make use of something in which they are *already* interested. Some years ago, for instance, Gaby Deslys, the French star, was brought to this country by the Shuberts. At the time, everybody was talking about the high cost of living, especially the high cost of

eggs. The scarcity of eggs was a topic of universal interest, so I made use of it. I cabled Gaby to bring a hen with her. Then I sent a story to the newspapers, saying that she had heard of the scarcity of eggs in America, that she could not exist without a fresh one every morning, and therefore she was importing a hen in order to be sure of a daily supply. When Gaby arrived, she actually had with her a hen, which she had christened "Henriette." The newspaper men photographed Gaby with the hen; and these pictures, with the amusing story, were printed all over the country. Not because the papers believed the story, but because it was in line with what people were interested in.

"But I didn't let it drop there. Henriette made the entire tour with the company. I had hundreds of jewel boxes made, costing \$2 apiece. At each town, the editor of every local paper was presented with one of these boxes containing a fresh egg on which was rubber-stamped, 'From Henriette, with the compliments of Gaby Deslys.' In San Francisco, we made a good story about Henriette laying an egg on the stage. She really did it. The only time in the whole tour," he added, "that she laid an egg at all!

"Sometimes an important news event can be used in getting publicity. After the 'Titanic' disaster, the 'Carpathia' rescued many of the passengers. When the 'Carpathia' arrived in New York, I invited the captain and his officers to be the Shuberts' guests at the Winter Garden. They occupied a box that evening and were given a great ovation by the audience. Naturally, every newspaper printed a story about it.

"When the 'Carpathia' arrived on her next trip, I had another stunt

planned. I had one of the Winter Garden chorus girls cut off her hair, dress as a boy, and go aboard the 'Carpathia,' and stay there until the ship left the pier. Then she allowed herself to be discovered. She explained to the captain that she had been so thrilled by the deeds of the 'Carpathia' officers that she wanted to show her admiration of them as heroes. So she had stowed away on board the ship, hoping to be carried as a cabin boy. Of course she was sent back on a tug; but her picture and the story of her exploit were printed in hundreds of papers.

"The next time the 'Carpathia' came, I had bought a fine black cat and provided her with an elaborate silver collar, inscribed, 'From the New York Winter Garden.' Members of the company took the cat down and presented her to the captain as a mascot for the ship. The papers printed the cat's picture and the story. And, of course, for a long time, every passenger on the 'Carpathia' heard about the cat.

"Of course, these publicity stunts sometimes fail. Mr. Shubert once engaged an East Indian dancer in Paris. It was my business to create interest in her; so I announced that she was so grieved at being exiled from her native land that she would not set foot on any foreign soil, and therefore was always carried about in a sedan chair. I cabled her agent to have her wear her native costume when she arrived. Then I rented a sedan chair, and engaged a troupe of Arab acrobats as bearers. I planned to keep them carting the lady around during her entire engagement.

"When the steamer arrived, I was at the pier with the Arabs and the sedan chair. A battery of newspaper cameras were waiting to photograph the scene. But instead of being dressed in native costume, the dancer was dressed in the latest Paris style! And she refused absolutely to enter the sedan chair. What! Get into *that* thing? Not she! A limousine for her.

"These publicity stunts are the high lights in a press agent's job; but they don't come often. In between, there is a steady stream of plain hard work, seizing every possible chance of rousing people's interest. 'Blossom Time,' for example, is based on the life of Franz Schubert, the great composer. Weeks before the opening, I sent letters to all the musical societies and private schools. I saw that the papers were supplied with material about Schubert, about the operetta itself, and the cast. And immediately after the first night, the societies, clubs and schools were circularized again, with reviews of the play.

"There is one form of publicity about which the actors and actresses are always fighting. There are different ways of presenting an actor's name in connection with a production. This applies to the paid advertisements, the programs, and the billboards. For example, if the star has become so famous that he has more 'pulling power' than the production itself, his name is put at the top, even above the name of the play, and also in larger letters. The next step is to have the star's name in the *same* size letters as the title. The third uses the same form, but the star's name is in smaller letters than the title of the play. Next is what is called a 'featured position,' with the name of the production first, and then the name of one or two of the stars.

"I don't know whether the average playgoer notices the details of this scale of prominence. But believe me, the actors are ready to fight, bleed, and die to get the type and position they think they are entitled to. Every detail concerning the position of the name and the size of the letters is covered in the contract signed by the manager and the actor. Mr. Shubert recently made a contract with a star actor, and it contained no fewer than seven clauses relating to the details of how the star's name should appear in the program and in the advertising and billing."

## Passion Week in Paris, 1918

Condensed from *The Dearborn Independent* (March 27, '26)

William L. Stidger

**T**HREE is no better time to tell it than this Passion Week of 1918, after eight years have passed.

Friday, March 22, a week before Good Friday, the Big Gun began to fire on Paris. My diary of that date says:

"This is the first day on which a gun has been used by the enemy to fire a distance of 75 miles on a defenseless city filled with men, women and children. The city is stirred as never before since the days of the French Revolution. Business has stopped. Shops are closed. The tramways and subways are motionless. None but Americans are on the streets of Paris. There is something dreadfully ominous in the very air. The awful uncertainty of those great shells dropping, regularly every 12 minutes from out of the sky, seemed to stifle one. At first we did not know whether they were bombs from Goths or what. Then came the announcement late this afternoon that the shells are coming from the Big Gun."

*Saturday, March 23*

"Promptly at 7 the Big Gun dropped its first shell for today into the city. It shattered some glass in my hotel. We had an air raid again last night. Up yonder on the Somme the Big Drive has begun, and down here the air drive has begun. The Big Gun all day long and the Goths at night. It is intended to terrify.

"Every 12 minutes the shells have dropped into the city. The railroad depots are literally crowded with people leaving the city with their children. I visited three *gares* today and baggage is piled up everywhere. I talked with a man in charge about the possibility of checking a trunk for a friend who had to go to Bordeaux, and he said that they would not promise

to touch it for two weeks, because of the great exodus from the city of old men, and women and children. They were overwhelmed."

*Sunday (Palm Sunday), March 24*

"Another air raid last night, and the Big Gun promptly at seven this morning. It is a strange Palm Sunday. The papers are filled with the awfulness of the loss of life up on the Somme line. It looks dark. Bishop McConnell preached a Palm Sunday sermon and told us that he had spoken in the past week to a thousand Scottish guards the day before the big drive began. When he asked them what they wanted to sing they selected

'O God, Our Help in Ages Past,  
Our Hope for Years to Come.'

The Bishop told us that he had preached to those boys on 'How Men Die,' and in a few days most of them had made the supreme sacrifice.

"While the Bishop was preaching three shells fell so close to the church that their explosion shook the windows. The newspapers humorously called it 'Bomb Sunday'."

*Tuesday, March 26*

"The Germans have taken Noyon, only 35 miles away. We have been notified as to where we shall get truck transportation in case the city is evacuated. Hand baggage only, allowed. I visited the Gare du Nord today. It is piled to the ceiling with the baggage of old men and women fleeing Paris. I saw old men and women in wheel chairs by the hundreds, men and women who have never been out of Paris in their lives. The Big Gun stopped shelling us for some reason this afternoon. We do not hear much news from the front, but we know that awful slaughter is going

on up there on the Somme. It is a weird time."

*Wednesday, March 27*

"Germany is sparing us for some reason. There is a rumor that she is so sure of entering Paris that the raids have stopped and the Big Gun has ceased firing. They do not want to destroy any more now that they are so near.

"I heard some French gamblers betting even money that the Germans would be in Paris in two weeks. The British have officially admitted that the situation is most serious. The French newspapers are saying, 'The enemy is so close that it is becoming difficult for the Allied Armies to maneuver.' We went to bed last night with the Germans only an hour away by train."

*Thursday, March 28*

"Spent the whole day in the Gare du Nord caring for thousands of refugees pouring in from northern towns where the drive is pushing forward. I went down last night at one o'clock and have been there all day. It is an awful sight. Old women carrying tiny babies have tramped on foot 50 and 60 miles, with nothing to eat for three days. They have been driven by thousands from their homes. Three babies were born in the Gare last night.

"Never such a Passion Week since Christ!" one hears exclaimed on every side. That phrase seems to be on every lip. There are such strange parallels. The world seems to be betrayed this week. It looks as if the French and English armies will be separated and the channel ports taken. We say in our hearts that it shall not be, but we have to face facts."

*Good Friday, March 29*

"I have never spent a Good Friday in my life when I felt more in the atmosphere and memory of Christ's sufferings than I have today. In addition to the poor refugees with whom I worked all day and night, the piteousness of their suffering haunting me, I spent half an hour in the Made-

leine this afternoon. The churches are crowded today. Half of the French who are pouring into them are wearing black. Thousands of women and little children with weeping eyes passed me as I stood at the steps of the Madeleine. This morning before daylight I came home from an all-night's work with the refugees. I stopped at a church where working men gather and it was packed to the doors.

"One of the refugees that we took to the hotel last night was an old woman. We had to put the refugees to bed on the floor of the hotel lobby at the Pavilion. This dear old lady somehow lost her crucifix, and she wailed and cried and shrieked so that she kept the rest of the tired refugees awake. We could not quiet her. Finally she got the whole crowd of more than 200 refugees searching for that lost crucifix, until at last they found it and all could sleep.

"This afternoon the sky was covered with heavy black clouds to the north. One imagined that it was the dense smoke from the big guns up on the Somme and around Noyon. The clouds drifted over Paris as from a burning world. A great air patrol was circling overhead. The Germans had been threatening a daylight raid for some time, and as they seemed to prefer sacred days for their terror, it was expected today. Full churches make good targets.

"About three o'clock I left the crowded Madeleine, to walk to my hotel. I was thinking of Good Friday in America—of my church folks—my family—all keeping worship. The Big Gun had been silent most of the day, but suddenly I heard an explosion. It was the Big Gun. The earth shook with convulsions.

"Then the news came. It spread like wild fire over Paris. The shell had struck the ancient and beautiful church of St. Gervais. Hundreds of people were kneeling in the church, and 75 were killed. More than a hundred others were terribly wounded. What I saw there will haunt me forever."

## My 92 Years

Condensed from Current History (April '26)

Chauncey M. Depew

WHEN I was a boy in Peekskill, N. Y., the ambitious man thought of fortune in terms of \$100,000. If he could acquire so monumental a sum it would bring him \$7,000 a year at 7 per cent, and \$3,000 was adequate for his living. That included a coach and pair and two or three servants. We did not undertake to do such a variety of things in a brief space of time, but we lived comfortably, and the average man's chance of happiness was brighter then than now. The pressure of latter-day life tends to rob us of the capacity for happiness. We forget to smile, and of all human blessings a smile is the greatest.

Trains in those days crept slowly down to New York, though we regarded them as fast enough. Paddle-wheel steamboats ran to Europe and the railroads slowly progressed westward. Our newspaper in Peekskill often published "three-day news from Europe," meaning that the vessel bringing this news had arrived in New York three days before.

When we come to speak of changing social conditions it may not be amiss to recall that my first fee was \$1.75, earned by several days of work in preparing a legal opinion. For a young man just out of Yale the fee was looked upon as adequate. Since I have ventured to say that a smile is the greatest blessing in life, I may add that an appreciation of money in its true value and provision against poverty is the first duty of man. Riches should not be a goal, but poverty is the worst of our social evils. The first \$100 cleared from my practice went into a savings bank and still remains there, amounting to almost \$900 in sixty years.

The outstanding discussion that occupied everybody's mind in the '40s

and '50s was the question of property rights as applied to slaves. At the time I was graduated from Yale in 1856 this difference had reached the proportions of a breach. I entered actively into the campaign that elected Lincoln.

When the civil war was ended and the question of slavery decided, the great social question became the treatment that should be accorded to the South. Extremists upon the victorious side argued that the defeated states should never receive the full measure of their former rights. Others of more moderate opinion held that such rights could be returned only by degrees. A few men expressed the view that the status of the Southern States must be restored at once.

Of that group Lincoln was the outspoken leader, insisting upon a full restoration, saying in effect that these were our people and that we could not debar them from the Union in which they were forced to be citizens. Had Lincoln lived, his policies would have prevailed, to the early benefit of the South. But the death of Lincoln made way for the carpetbagger, and it was not until the Presidency of Grant that the vision of Lincoln received substance.

Once the two great divisions of the country had been fully reunited in a political whole and the West had begun to develop, the prosperity of the country passed all known bounds. The cloud upon this prosperity was the recurrence of panics. As the great accumulations of capital were shifted about in new combinations and still greater enterprises became the order of the day, panic followed panic, with recurrent periods of depression and suffering. Happily we have seen the passing of panics, owing in large

measure to our improved banking system under Federal control.

Our material welfare now exceeds that of any generation before us, but the soul starves. The foundations of faith are shaken. Readers of the creed deny its teachings. We carry criticism too far, and the analytic spirit is rampant. We are like children who dissect that which makes them happy until the sawdust pours from the doll. The age is merciless to its idols and the revered things of the past.

My ninety-two years from 1834 to 1926 have no parallel in recorded time. The inventions, discoveries and achievements of these nine decades have reconstructed the world. But the one work which marks the age above all others is emancipation. In no other period of history have there been such contributions to freedom. When Christ undertook His mission more than half the world was held in bondage. In the last ninety years emancipation has been extended to almost every remaining slave. Freedom in the United States has released a whole race; millions of serfs were redeemed in Russia. But the greatest benefit of emancipation has been the growth of democratic governments. Divine right has disappeared, and with it the inherited tyranny of the Romanovs, the Habsburgs, the Hohenzollerns and Bourbons.

The next ninety years of human progress will witness changes that may well make the events of my lifetime seem of slight consequence by comparison. I am not disturbed by the religious controversy that shakes the land, or by the great powers of capital and labor. I believe that the ninety years to come will bring wide peace among nations, a spirit of mutual helpfulness, a growth of industry and commerce beyond previous conceptions. I hope that the world will depart in some measure from the present slavish tendencies to make mechanical things the rule of life; that it may pause for a bit of real joy and understanding.

Often I am asked to explain the rule of long life and happiness. I have found it simple enough. As a boy I remember that my grandfather and my own father were given to worry; I might say that worry killed them, and in my youth this destroying spirit of worry aggravated my peace. Then I resolved to worry no more, to live each day of life as it dawned before me, but to put forth my best efforts that the one following might be better. I never sought riches, and twice lost my fortune. Neither have I avoided riches, endeavoring at all times to raise a bulwark of independence against the troubles of life.

When the temptation to rest comes upon me, I defeat it by rising and stirring. I find as keen a pleasure in life as ever. I do not indulge the inclination of age to look backward and live in the past. Upon the contrary, I cultivate an interest in every new thing and read the daily papers with care; they always offer something new to the mind. I make friends with the young, who bring me the impulses of youth, the desires of ambition. Some of my best friends are the sons and grandsons of men with whom I went to college.

It is one of the dangers of age to seek isolation, to avoid new faces and new things. Persons of advanced years who fall into this groove soon think of the past alone. Their minds stagnate, and every fresh thought is rejected. No man ever grew old until his mind became weary and surfeited. Age is really not so much a matter of years as of the spirit, and I am determined to keep step with the times. When I was fifty my friends and other well-wishers began advising me to rest and take life easily, but I never yielded to that advice. About my only concession to rest is a ten-minute nap in the afternoon. I am confident of living to complete a century of life. After that I shall leave the rest to Providence.

# We Should Be Ashamed to Be Ill

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (April '26)

Gerald Stanley Lee

**T**HREE are several ways people can take when a man is not well.

One way is to laugh at him and get him to see that he is a ridiculous object. If 10,000 men in New York would agree tomorrow publicly to make fun of fat men in the streets, so that only people in taxis could afford to be fat in New York, everybody knows what would happen.

Another way is to rouse up his intolerance, start him up into being ashamed of himself.

It sounds extreme but when one comes, as one does in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, on a whole society regarding a man's being sick an act of aggression, it is astonishing how sensible it seems.

People can already be arrested for spitting and very soon people with colds will be sent home to breathe, or be put in jail for doing public breathing.

People already feel there ought to be a law enacted to have a man arrested in a street-car for spraying a cold at them.

Even a stomachache, though it is not showy, is quite as much an act of aggression on civilization as a cold. When a man takes the liberty of being a father, who is an addict of a stomachache, a chronic or confirmed colic—he is committing an act of aggression on a nation. He transmits a complex of habits to his children, and to others.

It is an insult to the next thousand years to be chronically not well. And society is getting to be as intolerant toward a man who compels his stomach to ache, as his stomach is.

The man who is loose about his own health, or other people's health, finds he is as intolerable to people as the man who is loose about his own money or about other people's money.

People are beginning to look on ill health in the way they already look upon a bad cough in an audience. People look around and say, "Why did you come?" and the time is not far off when ushers will step up to people coughing in a theater and say:

"This audience and the players are asking you to go home. These seats you have paid for will be reserved for you if you want them two weeks later."

When it is considered by everyone unnecessary and shiftless to be ill, it will be bad manners to ask about a man's health. The weak, kind person who meets a really well, chronically robust man in the morning by saying "How's your health?" will get his head taken off for it.

The whole clinging idea, even now, among women—the idea of pitying weakness and deferring to it—has changed. With the modern girl, a young man who offers to help her over a fence, or around a puddle, takes a chance. She waves him aside. She wants to be treated politely—treated as if she knew how to handle herself as well as he does.

The present spectacle of civilization, of thousands of contented men bent with work, pampering themselves in parlors, rolling around in limousines with their insides burning up, is not much longer going to be before our eyes. With our modern knowledge people are getting too unsentimental.

Millions of us are seeing the thing as it is and are acting on it. The taboos, styles and customs of society are turning the other way. A stampede for wholesomeness sweeps us along.

Now the most powerful of all lures in making health catching is the lure of money.

Samuel Vauclain, the President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, whose time at the office is rated as being worth \$500 a day, has his office time contracted for with his doctor. He pays his doctor a salary of so much a year for keeping him well and gets a rebate every day he is sick.

Health is being treated in big business in America reverently, like money. Health is money.

Anyone can see what is happening. When a natural and reasonable arrangement like Mr. Vauclain's becomes general among large employers it logically leads to the large employer's wanting some similar arrangement for his executives. He wants the men he has to work with as fit as he is.

This arrangement for executives logically leads, as anyone can see, to some similar arrangement for all labor about the place. It is just a matter of working out details, and working men all over the country—union men and non-union men—will soon be taking their doctors as seriously as Vauclain does, regarding doctors as belonging to a really great and serious profession and letting their doctors, as Vauclain does, finish their job.

If working men don't do this, firms will. Labor turnover will make them. No big company very much longer is going to be caught spending three years in educating a sick, unguaranteed man—a man they will lose or as good as lose in a few years—when with the same time and the same money, they can educate for the same job a man they could keep 40 or 50 years.

However the technique may be

worked out, every man who knows anything about business or human nature knows that, next to his job, it is the personal habit a man has from day to day that makes or unmakes his value to the factory. The business concerns which first find a decent way to do something about setting up in each man they employ the daily habits that keep him fit, are going to have on their rolls everywhere the pick of the labor and the pick of the executives of the country.

In the Dennison Manufacturing Company the health of the executives is made as definite a part of the man's contract as his salary. A man's health comes in as the first part of his job.

When Mr. Vauclain's idea is carried through to its logical conclusion people will expect to pay a rebate for being bilious on company time. It is as unpractical in a business way for a saleswoman to have a headache—to take 30 per cent from her power to please customers and make sales all day and draw pay for it—as it is to leave the counter at three o'clock and go and sit down at the movies and draw pay for it.

The general recognition of a new standard of health as part of common honesty in business is taking shape all around us, and the arrangement Mr. Vauclain has made with his doctor is really a typical, standard, rational arrangement that all of us—employees and employers — would make if we could.

Each man should have his own private appetite for health, which makes itself catching to others.

There should be a public conception of the duty and obligation of health.

There should be a personal technique for keeping one's health which one knows and is ashamed not to use. Each man of us can always be sure what he must do, and what he must not do, in order to avoid illness.

Let each one of us be ashamed to be ill!

# The Strangling of Our Theater

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (April '26)

*Walter Prichard Eaton*

THE American theater today presents a curious paradox. On the one hand, in New York City are more playhouses than in any other world capital. On the other hand, outside of New York City, in practically all cities of less than 100,000 people, the theater is dead, is non-existent and in most cities up to 1,000,000 population, is rapidly dying.

Thirty or 40 years ago actors like Edwin Booth played in towns like Scranton and Bridgeport. There was a whole year of profitable business for a star of a successful play in the one-night stands alone. The local manager knew the tastes of his audience; he came to New York, saw all the plays, and then booked the ones he thought his people would most enjoy. There were no motor cars then, no radios, no golf clubs, no motion pictures. The spoken drama was the chief form of entertainment for everybody. In the '90's, however, with the formation of the Theatrical Syndicate, local managers were reduced to janitors; they had to take any and all plays sent out from New York (often with second-rate companies). Then in the 20th Century, came motor cars, motion pictures, radios, and jazz dances.

The old-time theater found itself confronted with an unprecedented situation, because a large proportion of its former patrons, who had known no other place to go, now had plenty of other places, and places where they could find entertainment really much closer to their mental capacities, find an art that was created for them, indeed. Meanwhile, a smaller proportion of the theater's patrons had already been alienated by syndicate methods which had been cheapening and dishonest. The theater was left high and dry.

The most picturesque happening in our theater in recent months has been the foundation of a closed shop among the dramatists, as a direct result of conditions caused by the movies. Nearly 200 dramatists have banded together, drawn up a new contract which lodges with them, not the producer, all motion picture rights in their plays, and sworn a mighty oath to have no traffic with any manager who isn't willing to sign on the dotted line.

The matter came to a head when certain motion picture producers began to furnish to play producers the coin with which to mount the play, and expected in return the screen rights if such rights seemed worth purchasing. This cut out competitive bidding for the rights, and frequently resulted in great potential loss to the authors.

It is a well known fact that Famous-Players controls the so-called Charles Frohman Company of play producers. It is admitted that Fox and other motion picture magnates have furnished financial sinews to Sam Harris, Al Woods, the Selwyns, and others. The consequences are so serious, that a good deal of alarm is justified. If a man is putting up \$50,000 to produce a play which he hopes will make him a good motion picture later, he isn't likely to put it up for plays of a kind experience has shown will not screen.

Consider, then, the average motion picture, and ask yourself if this doesn't constitute a possible menace to true drama, the drama of spiritual values, social criticism, poetic elevation.

How far the ruck of playwrights have for some time written with one eye on the screen, and hence cheapened their product, nobody of course can say. I think considerably, just as many of our second-grade novelists have. Of course you cannot serve both

God and the Movies; you cannot write for the approval of the intelligent minority and for the pennies of Moronia.

What the motion pictures have done to the theater by way of reducing its patronage has been inevitable, a part of our democratic, social, and economic evolution. It has been to separate the public into layers that hitherto were potential, but largely unrealized. It has sorted out the vast army of morons or child-adults, in this democracy of ours, given them their own art, their own playhouses. It has been to show us (which we ought to have known) that the true theater, the true spoken drama, is an intellectual and spiritual aristocrat; that true plays are written and produced—like true music and sculpture and poetry—for the intelligent minority, and that only by consolidating, organizing, and consistently appealing to this intelligent minority can the spoken drama now survive. It used to do that, because the majority, having no other place to go, followed the lead of the minority into the theaters. But they are quite out of hand now. The "movies" have got them.

The theater of commerce has answered the challenge of the movies by producing well-nigh as much hokum, slush and fap-doodle as they have, by making no effort throughout the country to consolidate its theaters to a number that the intelligent minority might support, to give those theaters only the best, the real plays. In city after city you find a Shubert house and an Erlanger house, competing against each other, when perhaps one theater, well conducted, managed by intelligent local people, might survive and enable the drama to survive. Nothing is done to get school children into the theater, and let them feel something of the thrill of real drama. The next generation is left worse off than the present.

As usual, G. B. Shaw has put his finger on the solution. The existing commercial and syndicated theater,

now so nearly dead outside of New York, must die everywhere, and the sooner the better. On its ruins the intelligent minority must rear the new theater, which holds no traffic with Moronia, which is true to itself and the age-old ideals of spoken drama, which is an aristocrat of the arts, which, in time, will bring thousands of people up to its level, attracted by its sincerity and the spiritual nourishment it affords.

Already such theaters are coming. We have no less than four of them in New York. Boston has a new theater which has been made tax-exempt, which is starting a school of the theater arts, and which has played this winter Sheridan, Ibsen, Shaw and Shakespeare, in addition to lighter works, and with matinees crowded with school children brought sometimes from as far away as Nashua, N. H.

All across the continent, north and south, Little Theaters and Community Theaters are springing up. Mostly they are amateur, and will be for some time; but already a whole new profession has opened—the profession of paid director for such theaters.

Some day a dramatist of skill and power, with something real to say, will find that he can place his drama in 40 Community Theaters across the Continent, for a week's run or more in each. He will not have to consider the Broadway managers, nor write with one eye cocked at the "screen possibilities." He will write solely for the inspiration and approval of the intelligent minority of his countrymen, living their normal lives in their home towns, and thus he will produce real drama, and we shall have a real theater. In time, we may be so proud of it that we'll build for it lovely playhouses on our civic squares, and over the portals carve the name of Shakespeare instead of Shubert or Erlanger, and into its portals lead our children to hear once more the mighty music of our English speech.

## Builders of a New Empire

Condensed from Success Magazine (April '26)

*Lloyd Legler Evans*

ONE of the principal industries in Minnesota is the fattening of live stock for market. And in that State today, the most envied children are 16 juvenile farmers who, because of their proficiency in the art of feeding live stock, were the guests last fall of the Great Northern railroad on a six-day tour of Minnesota and North Dakota in a special "de luxe" train. Each of these youthful farmers was accompanied by his or her prize-winning head of fat live stock.

Ten years ago, far-sighted business men and educators of Minnesota organized an annual Junior Live Stock show at South St. Paul—a live stock exposition in which exhibits may be entered only by the farmers of tomorrow, the farm boys and girls of today. The project was an immediate success and last November, at the most successful show in ten years, more than 500 Minnesota boys and girls exhibited live stock. Since only exhibitors who won prizes at their county fairs may show at the Junior Live Stock show, these more than 500 animals were the very best picked from the finest in the State.

When the judging was concluded, the entries were placed on the auction block and St. Paul and Minneapolis business men purchased the prize animals at unheard of prices. The champion steer was sold at 80 cents a pound for a total of \$777. Another steer, exhibited by a 14-year-old girl, was sold for \$859, or 71 cents a pound. The champion hog brought its youthful owner \$438 for his summer's work. When the auction was concluded, virtually every large business house in St. Paul had purchased one or more of the entries.

Then Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of the Great Northern railroad, and son of James J. Hill, "The Empire Builder," had an idea. "These prize-winning children," he said, "are heroes and heroines in the eyes of all the other farm children in the State. Why not send them out with their prize animals to show other children what they can do and to tell them how to do it?"

The plan was enthusiastically indorsed. Four days later, every one of the 16 children left St. Paul on a special train which included a sleeping car, a diner, and a palace horse car for the animal nobility. And what a time they had! Many of the young farmers had never slept in a sleeping car or eaten in a dining car. From every indication, they were the happiest 16 young farmers in the United States.

The six-day itinerary of the tour included 21 cities and towns in Minnesota and North Dakota and at every one of these stops the special train received as warm a reception as the spectacle operated by Messrs. Ringling. In every community visited, schools were dismissed so that every child for miles around might attend the show and from the size of the crowd that greeted those barnstorming agriculturists in every town one judged that every child for miles around took advantage of the opportunity.

Brass bands turned out in full regalia. Local talent participated in entertainment programs. The traveling farmerettes did their share by pointing out the fine points of their exhibits and explaining in detail how valuable beef, pork or mutton may be grown. They advised their young auditors to "come on in." And the ad-

miring auditors replied in chorus, "We'll be with you next year."

Viewed from any angle, the first annual tour of the Junior Live Stock show exhibitors was a complete success and a similar demonstration tour, Mr. Hili has announced, will be conducted by the Great Northern railroad as a grand finale to every Junior Live Stock show of the future.

The tour, however, was simply one of many lines of endeavor to make the boys and girls of today better men and women, better farmers and farmers' wives, in the future. In December of each year a National Boys' and Girls' Farm Club Congress is held in Chicago in connection with the International Live Stock Exposition. Last December, President Coolidge sent a message to the 1600 boys and girls assembled, representing clubs with a total membership of over 700,000.

Minnesota was one of the first northern States to organize for this work and the Minnesota clubs now have an enrollment of 23,000 boys and girls. T. A. Erickson, Minnesota State club leader, explained, "Each club has a regular plan of organization, officers, plan of work, meetings, with each member carrying a definite home or farm enterprise and endeavoring to use the better methods of agriculture and home economics in developing his or her project. Each club has an adult leader or adviser who works with a local committee. The committee is a part of the county extension service, working directly with the State Extension Service of the College of Agriculture, which in turn cooperates with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in promoting this work as a very important part of the educational program for better agriculture and more happy, prosperous homes.

"We have ten fundamental projects which our club members use as their club projects. In live stock, each member raises a baby beef or a dairy calf, or some lambs, pigs or poultry. In the crop line, each one grows from one to five acres of corn or one to eight acres of potatoes or a good sized

home garden or an alfalfa plot. In the home work the girls learn how to bake, sew and can.

"It is interesting to note that almost as many girls join the stock clubs and feed calves, lambs or hogs as join the home economics clubs. This means that in the future many farmers' wives will be real partners in the business, able to discuss intelligently farm problems.

"Each member keeps careful records of all operations, including cost of feed, labor and profits. These records are very important in presenting results to the community.

"The state program for Minnesota includes: 1—Club short courses at the Agricultural colleges at St. Paul, Crookston and Morris; 2—Club Department with exhibits at the State Fair which gives 1100 county club winners free trips to the Fair; 3—The Junior Live Stock show; 4—Club department in connection with the annual meeting of the state horticultural society when county and district winners in the garden, potato and canning clubs come to St. Paul as the guests of the society; 5—Interstate club meeting at Sioux City Ia., when winning teams from 12 states compete; 6—National Dairy Exposition at which, in 1924, Minnesota had 47 dairy club members out of 200 club winners representing 25 states.

"Last year, we had 2100 dairy calf club members, each with a high grade or pure bred dairy heifer. Many of these were on farms where it was the only good animal. For countless generations, agricultural training has been too much on the order of 'Ask Dad—he knows.' And too often, Dad didn't know. The result, in many cases, was that Son farmed exactly as his great-great grandfather or left the farm. Times changed but farming didn't."

Some epigrammatist has observed that the boy is father to the man. And it is on that unquestionably true premise that club leaders are working out the salvation of agriculture in America.

# America's Place in the World

Condensed from The Century Magazine (April '26)

H. V. Kaltenborn

**N**O European thinks of the United States as isolated from the rest of the world. To him it is the place where thousands of his countrymen have sought and found comfort and happiness. Whoever wanders abroad soon realizes the manifold ties that bind the Old World to the New America. Everywhere peoples and governments are anxious to please us. The American is transfigured and glorified by the strength and reputation of the country from which he comes.

Let no one suppose that this is because the world likes us. There is scarcely no feeling that we have ever made an unselfish contribution to Europe. America is too powerful to be liked abroad. Every one likes Switzerland because no one fears it. But no one knows what America may or may not do. The United States has already purchased or conquered an area larger than the whole of Europe, and no one feels certain just what the next turn in our ambition may bring. The astute European statesman sees us as children playing with the new-won toy of World Power, hardly realizing its value, uncertain whether we wish to break it, throw it aside, or try to do something with it. He would love to have us use it in a way that would be to his advantage, but he does not quite know the best way to bamboozle us. He is always sure, however, that a good dose of flattery can do no harm, and he invariably tries that first.

But whatever else Europeans may say about us, they cannot and do not deny our skill as bankers and executives. The two Americans who now have the greatest opportunity to make mistakes that would reflect

discredit upon their country are Seymour Parker Gilbert and Jeremiah Smith. They have not made them. On the contrary they have shown the same skill, tact, and patience in the administration of a task involving delicate international relationships as that which added so much to the reputation of the British people in the last century.

Young Mr. Gilbert showed his capacity in the Treasury Department during the war, and was suddenly thrust into the most important administrative job in Europe. Overnight he became Reparations Czar, supervising the most delicate and complicated mass of financial machinery ever devised by the mind of man. The Dawes Plan is well launched upon its second year without a hitch, without a serious dispute of any kind. It is an American plan financed largely with American money and administered with American brains. Europe may not like us any better for having put it through, but Europe certainly has a high respect for the way it was thought out and is now being worked out.

There is another American ambassador of business sense and good will in Hungary. Jeremiah Smith of Boston is doing the same sort of League of Nations job in Budapest that the Dutch Burgomaster Zimmerman has been doing in Vienna. He has to see that the government of Hungary is run efficiently and economically. And he has been so careful not to abuse his authority, to suggest rather than to command, that he has won universal esteem in the Hungarian capital.

For five years scarce a month has passed in which America has not

been a mighty power in some great international conference.

Wherever I went last summer, in Europe and the Near East, I found American echoes. Everywhere individual Americans, American influence, American machinery, American charity were working constructively in the rebuilding of the world.

In Italy, when liberty-loving Italians who fretted under the tyranny of Fascist rule were told by Mussolini's envoys that democracy and efficiency could not exist together, they inquired: "What of America?"

In Athens American relief agencies cooperating with the League of Nations looked back upon one of the finest achievements of organized charity in all history. Hundreds of thousands of refugees had been established in camps, cared for, transplanted to new homes, given work, and placed on the road toward independence.

In Palestine the intelligent use of a few millions, contributed by American Jews, is transforming a desert into a fertile agricultural area. Of all the movements which Americans are sponsoring in foreign lands none has a more practical and at the same time a more appealing aspect than the transformation of the arid hills of Judea into flourishing agricultural settlements by those who look upon bleak Palestine as the promised land.

In Cairo the Egyptian minister of agriculture had just had word that the United States Department of Agriculture would lend him two experts to supervise a vigorous campaign against the boll-weevil. Egypt's young government appreciates the unselfish willingness of the United States to lend its experts to help Egypt compete more effectively with the cotton farmers of our own South. And yet the agricultural minister's greatest enthusiasm was reserved for the Ford tractor. He sees Egypt's fields enriched, her agricultural methods revolutionized by trac-

tors sold at a price even Egypt can pay.

And in Spain I found King Alfonso XIII a great admirer of still another phase of American life. He is an enthusiast about American sportsmen and American sportsmanship.

A few days later I talked with Edouard Herriot, ex-premier of France, and he was full of reminiscences about his visit to America, the profound impression created by its lusty young strength and its eager aspiration for a better world. "We must work together," he said, "for peace, France and America."

In England there is a new note of admiration for America's industrial and financial power in world markets and for her political contributions to recent World War settlements. The fact that Great Britain now recognizes her wayward child of the New World as an equal in world power and world councils is a compliment that we have thus far appreciated more in promise than in performance. Ours is an opportunity, but much remains to be done if we are to realize it.

Fundamentally there is a marked similarity in the democratic traditions and political ideals of the English-speaking peoples. This possibility of joint power should be used for the world's good.

Americans who wander abroad with seeing eyes realize the amazing growth of our foreign interests. Politically, financially, industrially, we have become integrated with the Old World to an extent which few of us appreciate. America's power and America's opportunity are worldwide. Isolation or insulation from foreign entanglements is alike impossible or inadvisable. We cannot turn back. We must go forward facing our destiny. We have already won material power. We must achieve spiritual leadership. We can do it by responding graciously to those generous instincts and traditions which are the most precious part of our American heritage.

## The "Main Street" Banker

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (April '26)

Will Rose

**R**ECENTLY a friend of mine was telling me of his visit to a Pennsylvania town of 1500 where he had first started in business. While there he had renewed his acquaintance with John Lavery, the president of the local bank. My friend had this to say:

"For years that banker has been originating ideas and theories on the possibilities of the country bank. For example, I started my first business venture in that town. Lavery used to talk to me at great length about my little retail store and the way I was handling it. To make a long story short, he loaned me the limit at the bank, and made it possible for me to press on with the development of the opportunities I saw at every hand. With Lavery's help, within seven years I trebled the size of my retail business, developed a fine little manufacturing business, and helped to organize, bring to the town, and direct three other small, growing factories. While Lavery was doing this with me, he was working in similar ways with some others. Why, he tells me that only recently he went to the owner of the old hotel and showed him that there wasn't a modern, comfortable hotel in a radius of 30 miles. He got him to agree to the organization of a new, modern hotel. The new hotel account is four times as large as was the old one and the town is immensely benefited. Traveling men are riding 25 miles out of their way to stop there, especially over week ends. The conclusion to the story is that he showed me a statement of the bank that totalled resources of more than \$2,000,000. Think of that alongside of the \$10,000 Farmers' Bank he started 30 years ago. The town has grown since, of course—it couldn't help it with a man like Lavery whipping it

constantly—but only normally. What I mean is that it is located in the East where old communities are not doubling in size every ten years as some baby towns are in the West. Think of it. What an answer that is to the 'Main Street' cynic who seems to be very popular at present!

"If the country bank generally throughout the country," continued my friend, "can rise to meet the opportunities before it, life in the small town can be made much more delightful than in the cities and at the same time much more profitable in money terms and much more secure. It is to the small town that we must look for a return to the American dollar that will buy 100 cents' worth of food and clothing and recreation. I refer to building the community—thousands of them—rather than the few great centers. It can easily be the solution of farm credits, distribution of manufacturing and population, congestion of cities, development of natural resources, perfection of railroads, roads, and truck-lines, and—solution of the labor problem!"

Until recently, the well-to-do men of the small town naturally gravitated to the bank directorates. Too often these men were well-to-do by inheritance only or by very gradual accumulation through painful personal economy. They were not progressive in any sense. That explains why the bank has been one of the very last lines of business to use the power of advertising for service, greater growth, profits.

Then came the new idea. Younger men, without regard to their personal worth at the moment, but with proved ability, were made directors because of what they knew about constructive business, finance and advertising. Ser-

vice to the community became the keynote of banking.

A young man with a past experience in several large cities came to a small town of less than 2000 population, and purchased the weekly newspaper. He transformed the paper and tripled its profits. The cashier of one of the banks kept his eye on him. Finally convinced that this young man was well schooled in advertising and selling, he asked him to become one of his bank directors, even though he was only 32 years old. In less than four months the young publisher had grappled with one of the pressing risks of the bank and changed it into an asset. None of the other directors had given such a possibility a thought. Yet it was comparatively easy to do when studied by an experienced man. A small factory in the town was more than \$5000 in permanent debt to the bank. The young publisher was able to reconstruct the factory's selling and advertising policy so as to wipe out its debt, and change the account from a liability into a going business of \$50,000 the first year with a balance running to four figures. Undoubtedly he is continuing that kind of value to the bank.

The sharp contrast between the old and the new methods is brought out by the respective treatments of a young hardware merchant by the two banks in one small town. This young fellow inherited several thousand dollars before he had learned the rudiments of business management, and had bought a retail store. His financial affairs soon went from bad to worse. He had reason to believe that the cashier of the First National Bank, where he kept his account, intended to press him and knowing what that would do to him at the particular moment, the hardware man called on the president of the Second National Bank and poured out the whole story. For several nights each week, the president went to the hardware store and acted in an advisory capacity. Under his careful and tactful tutoring, the young man placed himself on a limited weekly budget; started a strenuous

campaign to collect his book accounts; and wrote confidential weekly letters reporting his financial progress to all creditors except the other bank. He was delighted by the cooperation he received all around and made rapid progress toward a sound footing. When the disgruntled cashier of the First National Bank served notice a little later, the young merchant's affairs were in such good condition that the Second National Bank was justified in taking over his account, and saving the day for him. But that wasn't the best part of it. The best part is that America has one more young retailer who is capable and successful. That's national wealth!

I could cite case after case of this new way of doing things. One banker in a small town said to me:

"The country bank is fast becoming not merely a repository for community funds, but the fountainhead of town business development. In the future its main idea will not be the making of money. It is reorganizing its directorate so as to secure business brains, experience, breadth, and activity. Especially activity. This makes it equal to its appointed job of showing every kind of business man how to take advantage of the best methods, and to make and to have more money—not more debts at 6 per cent per annum. The day is coming when even the small bank will consider another official than the cashier essential. This man will be the manager of the promotion, or business-building, or business-aid department. All towns do not have the men needed on their bank directorates. Some banks will have to import that kind of talent. And when that kind of a man is finally at the head of a recognized department in all banks, then we will cut commercial failures to the minimum."

The country banker has found that he grows only as the whole community grows and prospers. So he is studying and working to that end.

# What to Do with the Virgin Islands?

Condensed from *The North American Review* (December, '25)

*Valeska Bari*

**F**OR eight years we have been holding the Virgin Islands. Bought during the war to shut Germany out of a possible submarine base, it seems not unreasonable that we should now ask ourselves what we intend to do with them.

Our connection with the Virgins dates back to the Civil War. The blockade of the Southern ports would have been vastly more effective if the Government had had a base in the Caribbean. As soon as peace was declared, negotiations were opened for the purchase of the islands; Denmark agreed; the Islanders voted almost unanimously their willingness to transfer their allegiance; but at the last moment Congress killed ratification of the treaty. After the Spanish War negotiations were again almost completed, but this time the Danish Parliament rejected the treaty, presumably because of German influence. The building and possible defense of the Panama Canal made the acquisition of the islands a constant subject of discussion, but the clinching argument was the sinking of the *Lusitania*. With such a base as the Virgins, German submarines could have done unthinkable damage to our commerce. Negotiations were put through quickly. For sovereignty we paid \$25,000,000—or \$300 an acre for land worth for peace-time purposes possibly \$20 an acre.

Every move for the purchase of the Virgins has been in connection with war, but now that we have them we have taken no steps to develop them as a military outpost. St. Thomas is an unfortified Gibraltar. But with the desire of the American people to develop friendly relations with Latin America, there is little likelihood that public sentiment would permit any threatening

fortification; but until we give evidence of other policy every demagogue in Latin America can—and does—point to St. Thomas as an outpost of aggression.

If we are not to make the Virgin Islands a mere naval base, we have the alternatives of selling the islands to some other Power, of turning them loose, or of considering them a part of the nation and adopting a constructive policy which will make them eventually regular members of the national family.

To avoid any more complications than already exist we wish no new Power to acquire territory in the Caribbean. On a peace-time basis no nation is anxious to acquire the smaller islands of the Caribbean as none of them are revenue-producing. For this reason to turn the Virgins loose would not be an act of emancipation but a matter of turning them out, into a friendless world.

At the present time the Virgin Islanders are citizens of the islands only. In the absence of a stated principle as to what constitutes fitness for a people to be made a part of the nation, we may reasonably assume that the standards required of a people should be fairly similar to the standards of individuals who ask admittance to our shores. Suppose we apply such standards to the Virgin Islands.

As to disease the islands would probably pass muster today. Along with other improvements we have constructed reservoirs to provide a far larger water supply, so that proper sanitation is now possible and diseases caused by water contamination can be controlled. Yellow fever, typhoid and small pox have been wiped out; malaria has been reduced; and hookworm and trachoma are rare.

Crime exists in about the same proportion as in small communities in the States. With British islands within rowboat distance, bootlegging is inevitable, but drunkenness is rare. Crimes of colored men against white women are unknown. A day in the police court is usually an airing of neighborhood squabbles before a judge, usually dismissed with a scolding all around. The administration of justice is hampered by the fact that some of the islanders are not unwilling to go to jail, where food is plentiful; and to avoid this complication fines are often imposed without alternative of jail sentence, and the court is frequently placed in the undignified position of running accounts with offenders, collecting its fines in 25-cent installments.

As to literacy, the census taken in 1917 indicated that 25 per cent of the islanders were illiterate, a percentage much better than the rate existing in Porto Rico after 20 years under American rule.

In considering the points of morality and self support we must remember that 90 per cent of the islanders are of African descent, held in complete slavery up to 1848. Behind them they have a tropical lack of industry, and a dependence upon masters and a masterful government. Monogamy is not an African tradition, and the slaves were introduced into conditions which did not teach it. Partial censuses of former days show as high as 85 per cent of illegitimacy.

For the past 50 years the Virgin Islands have not raised enough revenue to pay for their own administration; and for their support next year Congress has voted \$395,000.

If we are to hold the Virgin Islands in a form of political dependence until they can pass the tests of admittance, what type of control shall we exercise? At the present time they are governed by a naval officer assigned by the President to act as Governor, who has also a staff

of naval officers. Legislative functions are in the hands of the Colonial Councils, the majority elected by the islanders, and a minority—also islanders—appointed by the Governor. The judiciary, appointed by the President or Governor, are qualified lawyers and not naval officers. However, assignment to duty in the Virgin Islands is for a period of not more than two years, and much of the eight years during which we have owned the islands has been spent in educating the six Governors who have occupied that position.

The Virgin Islands are probably the only territory which we have occupied where the accusation has not been made that American corporations were unduly interested; but all the land and concessions are owned by Danes or Virgin Islanders, and virtually the only Americans on the islands are the officials, the detachments of Marines and the Navy people at the Navy Yard. The Danes complain that we are not paternalistic enough, but many Americans would consider that the free medical, maternity, hospital and dental services, the long lists of pensions given to islanders, the gift of water and sewer systems, and the general extension of school and public works at Federal expense, were possibly too paternalistic.

To make the Virgin Islands, and the islanders individually, self-supporting, will be no quick and easy task. However, if we can give money outright each year, we can afford scientifically planned investments.

Denmark allowed the islands to run down; but Denmark was a small country with little money to invest. We have the islands now, with no chance of getting rid of them and excellent reasons for continuing to hold this strategic position, with plenty of money to invest in legitimate development, and everything to gain in prestige and friendliness with Latin America, if we can demonstrate our intelligence and sincerity in handling the problem.

# Lighthouses Without Keepers

## A Picturesque Character Is Vanishing

Condensed from The National Spectator (March 13, '26)

**A**LASKA seems to reach out her arm to pat Japan on the shoulder where the Aleutian Islands thrust themselves into the Pacific for a distance as great as that between New York and New Orleans.

Along that dreary, far-away, northern reach there are 210 lighthouses that the Government down in Washington, 10,000 miles away, keeps trimmed and burning throughout the endless nights that hang like a half-year pall over that part of the world.

Where the Hawaiian Islands sit in the mid-Pacific, further from any continental areas than any other land on earth, they are today trimmed as might be a Christmas tree with incandescents that blink out there in the vast to whatever wandering mariner may have lost his bearings.

There is a lighthouse at Rock Station, off the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon, that stands on a single bare rock and access to which can be gained only by swinging one ashore by the arm of a huge crane that lifts him from a choppy sea and deposits him on the tower-capped ridge.

There are lighthouses like that at Minots Ledge, just outside Boston, which stands on a rock that is submerged except at low tide and that knows only the eternal surge of the sea.

In fact the Government's system of lighthouses is a far-flung agency covering half the world and rendering a service quite different from that of killing potato bugs for the farmer or testing brake linings for the automobilist.

Yet this ancient institution of the lighthouse is not altogether what it used to be. The isolation of it, for example, is being mitigated by that

modern entertainer, the radio set. Of late, in fact, a campaign has been on to secure radio sets for all isolated lighthouse keepers who cannot afford to purchase them for themselves.

When the lighthouse tender *Cedar* next spring begins the 5000-mile cruise along the Alaskan coast, carrying supplies to last those hundreds of isolated stations through the year, she will be well stocked with tubes, A and B batteries and other paraphernalia of the listener-in.

But more vital and revolutionary is the tendency to make lighthouses automatic, to set a light in such a way that it will go on blinking for six months or a year with never the touch of a human hand. The service will never become entirely automatic, for many large stations require constant attention. But every year considerable numbers of stations are converted to the type that works by itself.

The first lights burned on towers to guide the mariner were fires of wood or coal or pitch. Among the first of American lights was that at Boston, established in 1716. By that time the oil-burning lamp had found its place in a developing world. It consisted of a solid wick dipped in fish oil. It was surrounded by glass, somewhat inclined to become soot-covered of a windy night.

In a hundred years the light of the seaman had developed only to the point where whale oil had been substituted for fish oil and reflectors had been installed to direct the rays of light sea-ward. As late as 1877 lard was the chief illuminant in the lighthouse service.

Then came coal oil and revolutionized lighting. It was a much better illuminant, and cheaper and handier in use. This was not so long ago

yet it was prior to the discovery of the incandescent oil vapor lamp. In this lamp kerosene was still the fuel used but it was burned in the form of a gas, lighting an incandescent mantle such as is still used in gas lights. The vapor lamp has had much to do with the development of the automatic lighthouse.

The second element that has contributed most largely to the development of the lighthouse has been the lens. The first step toward it was the use of reflectors, concentrating the light and throwing it in any desired direction. The lights can be made to flash at stated intervals. Mariners know their position by the peculiarities of the lights.

In the great lamps of the tended stations kerosene is still the basic fuel. It is converted into a gas and burned within incandescent mantles. The lenses are so powerful that the light is thrown 20 to 30 miles to sea. The light at Navasink, N. J., 710,000 candle-power, is the strongest in the world.

Despite the tendencies toward automatic lights three keepers are still retained at Navasink and such stations of the first class. They work four-hour shifts day and night. The huge lens is revolved by clock work. Weights are wound up on drums to keep it revolving. The keeper has an opportunity to demonstrate at intervals the strength of his back in winding this gigantic clock.

The second grade of lighthouses are those at which there is a single attendant. They have no great revolving lenses but burn fixed lights. Yet they are strong lights at important points and no chance of their going out can be taken. They are tending strongly toward the mechanical light. They have a device, for instance, for calling the keeper out of his bed. If the light gets to burning too strongly, a mechanical finger creeps up until it makes an electrical contact. This contact sets off an alarm which arouses the keeper. In the same way, if the light burns too

low the mechanical finger makes another contact and starts the alarm going. These one-man lights call for help whenever anything goes wrong.

Acetylene, however, has done more to change the old-scheme of personally-tended lighthouses than any other element. Acetylene, it will be recalled, first became well known when it was used three decades ago to operate the light on a bicycle. The gas is made by putting calcium carbide in a container and slowly dripping water on it. A gas is evolved which is burned as it passes off.

The lighthouse bureau installs a battery of acetylene cylinders at a lighthouse, and the light will burn automatically for half a year, even for a year. It is this development that is transforming lighthouses that have hitherto required attendance. The old and romantic figure which has hitherto held its place on many a jutting promontory along our coasts is disappearing. The little lighthouse at the end of the jetty has become almost universally automatic. Even the ancient lighthouse at Sandy Hook, the entrance to New York Harbor, has recently gone on an automatic basis. So have 60 per cent of that string of lighthouses that mark the Aleutian chain. As many as 74 lighthouses have been changed from man-operated to automatics in a single recent year. As the old chaps come to the retirement age or die off adjustments are likely to be made that will make it unnecessary to put on new lighthouse-keepers. This romantic figure, long a favorite of the fiction writer, the parent of that popular melodramatic character, the lighthouse keeper's daughter, is tending to disappear. He will always remain at certain stations that are of major importance, but the isolated, storm-beaten watchlight is likely to burn in future largely because a patent contraption for generating gas is stored in the cellar and keeps dripping water into a sort of black dust.

# On Being the Right Size

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March '26)

J. B. S. Haldane

**F**OR every type of animal there is a most convenient size, and a large change in size inevitably carries with it a change of form.

To the mouse and any smaller animal gravity presents practically no dangers. You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object.

An insect, therefore, is not afraid of gravity; it can fall without danger, and can cling to the ceiling with remarkably little trouble. But there is a force which is as formidable to an insect as gravitation to a mammal. This is surface tension. A man coming out of a bath carries with him a film of water of about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. This weighs about a pound. A wet mouse has to carry about its own weight of water. A wet fly has to lift many times its own weight and, as everyone knows a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed. An insect going for a drink is in as great danger as a man leaning out over a precipice in search of food. If it once falls into the grip of the surface tension of the water—that is to say, gets wet—it is likely to remain so until it drowns. A few insects, such as water-beetles, contrive to be unwettable; the majority keeps well away from their drink by means of a long proboscis.

Tall land animals have to pump their blood to greater heights than a man and, therefore, require a larger blood pressure and tougher

blood vessels. A great many men die from burst arteries, especially in the brain, and this danger is presumably still greater for an elephant or a giraffe. But animals of all kinds find difficulties in size for the following reason: A typical small animal, say a microscopic worm, has a smooth skin through which all the oxygen it requires can soak in, and a straight gut with sufficient surface to absorb its food. Increase its dimensions tenfold in every direction, and its weight is increased a thousand times, so that it will need a thousand times as much food and oxygen per day.

Now, if its shape is unaltered its surface will be increased only a hundredfold, and ten times as much oxygen must enter per minute through each square millimeter of skin, ten times as much food through each square millimeter of intestine. When a limit is reached to their absorptive powers their surface has to be increased by some special device. For example, a part of the skin may be drawn out into tufts to make gills, or pushed in to make lungs, thus increasing the oxygen-absorbing surface in proportion to the animal's bulk. A man, for example, has a hundred square yards of lung. Similarly the gut, instead of being smooth and straight, becomes coiled and develops a velvety surface, and other organs increase in complication. The higher animals are not larger than the lower because they are more complicated. They are more complicated because they are larger. Just the same is true of plants. The simplest plants such as the green algae are mere round cells. The higher plants increase their surface by putting out leaves and roots. Comparative anatomy is largely the story of the

struggle to increase surface in proportion to volume.

Some of the methods of increasing the surface are useful up to a point but not capable of very wide adaptation. For example, while vertebrates carry the oxygen from the gills or lungs all over the body in the blood, insects take air directly to every part of their body by tiny blind tubes called tracheae which open to the surface at many different points. But gases diffuse easily through very small distances. Hence, the portions of an insect's body more than about a quarter of an inch from the air would always be short of oxygen. In consequence hardly any insects are much more than half an inch thick. Land crabs are built on the same general plan as insects; yet, like ourselves they carry round oxygen in their blood, and are therefore able to grow far larger than any insect. If the insects had hit on a plan for driving air through their tissues instead of letting it soak in, they might well have become much larger.

Exactly the same difficulties attach to flying. Applying aeronautical principles to birds, we find that the limit to their size is soon reached. An angel whose muscles developed no more power weight for weight than those of an eagle or a pigeon would require a breast projecting for about four feet to house the muscles engaged in working its wings, while to economize in weight, its legs would have to be reduced to mere stilts. Actually a large bird such as an eagle does not keep in the air mainly by moving its wings. It is generally to be seen soaring, that is to say balanced on a rising column of air. But even soaring becomes more and more difficult with increasing size. Were this not the case eagles might be as large as tigers and as formidable to man as hostile airplanes.

But there are advantages of size. One of the most obvious is that it enables one to keep warm. All

warm-blooded animals at rest lose the same amount of heat from a unit area of skin for which purpose they need a food supply proportional to their surface and not to their weight. Five thousand mice weigh as much as a man. Their surface and food, or oxygen consumption, are about 17 times a man's. In fact a mouse eats about one-quarter of its own weight of food every day, which is mainly used in keeping warm. For the same reason small animals cannot live in wild countries. In the arctic regions there are no small mammals. The smallest mammal in Spitzbergen is the fox.

Similarly, the eye is a rather inefficient organ until it reaches a large size. In order that they should be of any use at all, the eyes of small animals have to be much larger in proportion to their bodies than our own. Large animals on the other hand require only relatively small eyes, and those of the whale and elephant are little larger than our own.

Such are a very few of the considerations which show that for every type of animal there is an optimum size.

And just as there is a best size for every animal, so the same is true for every human institution. In the Greek type of democracy all the citizens could listen to a series of orators and vote directly on questions of legislation. Hence their philosophers held that a small city was the largest possible democracy. The English invention of representative government made a democratic nation possible and the possibility was first realized in the United States. With the development of broadcasting it has once more become possible for every citizen to listen to the political views of representative orators, and the future may perhaps see the return of the national state to the Greek form of democracy. Even the referendum has been made possible only by the institution of daily newspapers.

# The Black Curse of the Osages

Condensed from *Liberty* (March 14, '26)

*Homer Croy*

**S**TANGE and mysterious events have taken place among the Osages in Oklahoma. Seventeen of that little tribe of Indians have bitten the dust in the approved manner when the white man wants what he wants. They have been shot in lonely pastures, bored by steel as they sat in their automobiles, poisoned to die slowly, and dynamited as they slept in their homes—all because of the curse that has fastened itself upon the tribe.

There was an investigation in January, and probably there will be another to determine why 17 innocent Indians have gone to their happy hunting-grounds by methods that would have made Sitting Bull seem like an angel of mercy.

The roots of this curse go back to the time when the Osages were poor and happy—long before they became rich and miserable: for they are now the richest people per capita in the world.

The Osages—there are about 2200 of them—were living in peaceful contentment in southern Kansas, getting \$40 a year each from the government. The Creeks, a more vigorous and more demanding tribe, lived in a miserable part of Oklahoma given over principally to alkali, rattlesnakes, and bunch grass. The Creeks complained to the government about the land they had been given and put up such a vigorous protest that the government moved them to another location and picked up the unprotesting Osages and dropped them down on the cast-off land.

But the Osages said nothing and all went more or less well until 1915, when oil was discovered in Oklahoma.

That year each and every member of the Osage tribe received \$826; and

the following year the amount climbed to \$2608. Then their troubles began. The young Indian boys wanted to see the world; they wanted to have a good time; they wanted fire water and fire water and Indian don't mix.

Money continued to pour in. It was now \$10,000 a year; and last year each and every Osage received \$13,200. In a family of four or five, with each one drawing, this means a tidy income. Moreover, this income can be increased by inheritance. If a member of the family dies, the next of kin gets the money. There is Mollie Q., an Indian woman, who through inheritance now receives \$135,000 a year.

With the increase in the oil money the curse began to tighten around the Osages, for the whites were now camping on their trail. I expected to find Pawhuska a dreary, one-horse town of 8000 population. I was never more surprised in my life, for instead I found marble office buildings, smart Fifth Avenue looking shops, and magnificent custom-built cars rushing by. And small wonder; for since the coming of oil \$180,000,000 has been dumped into that little town.

There is an institution in Oklahoma known as a guardian. Most of the guardians were selected from people immediately around the Indians, on the principle that they could keep their benevolent eyes trained on the gullible Indian and help him to spend his money to advantage. But soon the Indians found that they must buy their automobiles where the kindly guardian said and they must take it to be repaired to the garage he wished it taken to. Oh, he was most helpful! And when the car got banged about a bit, the guardian told the Indian that he would permit him to buy a new car. Many of the Indians, incidental-

ly, employ white chauffeurs for their expensive cars. It appeals to them to have their ancient enemies in this humble capacity.

It so happens that everything that glitters attracts an Indian's eyes and it so happens that the local people know this, and also a trick or two about Indian psychology. An Indian is probably the most loyal person in the world. An Indian goes into a bright and glittering store in Pawhuska and buys a watch. A few weeks later he comes back into the shop and says, "Him no tick."

The jeweler brings out his trays. "All right, John," says the obliging gentleman. "Take any one there and it won't cost you a cent." John takes it and goes happily away. Nobody in the world can now wean John away from that merchant—hasn't he just demonstrated how honest he is? Later, John comes back to buy a ring or a brooch. The merchant tells him the price and John's trusting hand goes into his pocket. The number of failures among the merchants in this section selling high-priced luxuries to Indians is surprisingly low.

The Indians' money flows away almost as fast as the oil comes up. The Indians took up baseball and betting. Outside teams came in and the Indians loyally bet on their own men. Indians love to gamble. And there are plenty of crooks and schemers in the oil fields; for the Osage country is a stamping place of the bad men, bandits, card sharps, former cow-punchers now looking for an easy living, gamblers and roustabouts.

The whites began to sell diamonds, jewelry, rare vases, and fine rugs and tapestries to these simple people. The whites built houses for them—and increased the death rate of the Indians. What the Indians really wanted to do was to live outdoors, in tents; they liked to live in their village with their pets around them. The whites sold them expensive sets of knives and forks—and the Indians put their food in a big yellow bowl and, squatting around

it in the yard, reached in and ate with their fingers, while the knives tarnished in the kitchen. I have seen them use the big cut-glass bowls the merchants had sold them to wash their vegetables in, and cloisonne vases to hold their baseball bats.

The Indian girls are pretty up to a certain age, attractive in spite of their white-people clothes. Rough, swearing, illiterate men came with smiles on their faces, met the Indian girls, and the trusting girls were flattered—they were being courted by white men. There would be a short, perfervid romance and the Indian girls would find themselves married to these rough drillers, or coming home with unwanted babies. The men got their oil money, spent it, robbed the girls, and then deserted them. But the girls could not go back to their tribe; they became outcasts, wanted neither by the Indians nor by the whites. One sees constantly things of this kind in Pawhuska that wring the heart.

The Osages became richer and richer and more and more the bad men of the Southwest were attracted to them. But overcharging the Indians for diamonds and pianos and talking machines and radios was too slow. The curse threw out a new shadow. They began to kill the Indians.

Why aren't the guilty ones punished? A natural question, but the thing is to get witnesses. The government procured indictments of W. K. Hale, wealthy rancher, and John Ramsey, a farmer, charging them with the murder of Henry Roan Horse. More than 100 witnesses were summoned, but they were afraid to testify.

In the meantime the curse goes on. The Osages grow richer each year, and where there is sugar the flies collect. Indian oil protection extends to 1946, and for 20 years more the Osages will have money—that is, unless the red hills no longer spout black.

## Pearls

Condensed from *Nature Magazine* (April '26)

*Paul Bartsch, Curator, U. S. National Museum*

**T**HERE is scarcely a people which did or does not count pearls among the most valued of its possessions. Pearls were among the earliest jewels prized by man, and have been found in ancient burial places.

A Chinese legend of more than 5000 years ago tells of a certain pearl so brilliant that its radiance made it possible to cook rice a hundred yards away. Mystic qualities are even now ascribed to pearls by the Chinese, for to find them prescribed by their Old School doctors, crushed to a powder or dissolved in acid, as medicine.

They are mentioned in the Vedas, while the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Koran all exalt them as symbols of beauty and purity. The Persians, long before Christ, valued them highly, for pearls have been found in their burial places.

The Romans were particularly fond of these gems, and Caesar, to stop race suicide among the better classes, issued a decree that no woman without husband or children, under 45 years, might wear them.

What are pearls? One poet says they are "the tears of a goddess dropped into the sea-caught to the heart of the pearl oyster and there treasured as the purest gem of the ocean."

Dubois, the scientist, said, "The most beautiful pearl is nothing more than the shining sarcophagus of a worm," and his description is accurate. They are produced by the pearl oyster, the fresh-water clams, the abalone, and in lesser degree by other mollusks, and are the result of an effort on the part of the mollusk to seal up an enemy, or an irritating substance that has found its way inside of the shell, or has bored into

the flesh of the animal. The most perfect spherical pearls are usually started by the baby stage of a fluke worm that must live for part of its early life in some mollusk.

These young worms burrow into the flesh of the mollusk and live upon it until they have reached a certain growth. The mollusk attempts to lock up this undesirable parasite by secreting a shelly capsule around it, and if successful, it kills the parasite that way. But having once begun to secrete nacre—the shiny substance of the pearly shell—it can't stop, and so puts layer after layer of thin coating around this nucleus, and thus the pearl continues to grow until the mollusk dies or some lucky fisherman captures the prize.

Another way in which pearls are formed, and this is usually the history of the irregularly shaped ones known as "baroques" is that a grain of sand or some other hard substance is accidentally forced into the mantle cavity of the mollusk. This will be promptly walled off against the inside of the shell and covered, layer by layer, with a smooth coating to reduce irritation.

Sometimes little water mites attack the gills of our fresh-water clams in large numbers, and these usually cause the irregular pearls known as rose pearls. Then again a small fish or crustacean may sometimes dart into the mantle cavity seeking protection from some pursuer. This, too, will be walled off and fixed to the inside of the mollusk shell and covered with nacre until it develops into a pearl with the shape of the fish or shrimp. But no matter what its shape, whether a mere blister, baroque, rose pearl, or perfect sphere, each pearl represents a hurt overcome.

Perfect shape, size, uniform color, and even luster are the criteria that determine the value of a pearl. So from long ago man has been desirous of wresting from Nature the story of pearl culture. In these efforts, China and Japan have been in the lead by centuries. In the National Museum at Washington are some specimen shells from those countries, on the inside of which are numerous little images of Buddha, all done in pearl. We are told that these are sold to or bestowed upon pilgrims visiting certain sacred shrines as miraculous manifestations of that great teacher. These little images are really the forerunners of our cultural, or artificially grown pearls.

The method used by the Buddhist priests in producing the pearl images was to insert a small wooden wedge between the two shells of the animal. All mussels can open their shell a little way, just enough to extend the foot by means of which they slowly plough through the mud of the bottom, and the two tubes for feeding and refuse. The wedge once quickly and carefully slipped in makes it possible to work in the interior. Then when the priest had carefully forced the mantle for a little way from its attachment to the inner bottom edge of the shell, he took a number of small images of Buddha stamped in tin, upon the inner side of which he placed some sticky substance—probably a bit of beeswax—and, after carefully lifting the edge of the mantle, he inserted them and fixed them row upon row on the inside of the shell.

All that was necessary now was to return the mussel to the pool where it would shortly repair the injury done to the edge of the mantle, and overcome the irritation produced by the irregular surface of the tin images by coating them with nacre. So after a year or more, when these mussels were taken from the pools, killed, and opened; the images would be found fixed to the inside of the shells just as they were placed, but now nicely coated with shining pearly nacre—

miraculous manifestations of the great Buddha, and as such highly prized.

In Japan the cultural pearl industry has assumed great proportions. Their early efforts resulted in the formation of hemispheres and buttons. Polished pieces of mother-of-pearl, that is, pearl shell in perfect hemispheres, were introduced into pearl oysters much in the way in which the little tin images of Buddha were introduced, and the mollusk shells returned to the sea for further development and later gathering.

Many such cultural pearls are now on the market. They are not the perfect spheres which one finds strung on a chain of pearls. They require a metal setting that will hide the side by which they were attached to the inside of the shell that produced them. More recently, I am told, the Japanese workers have produced perfectly spherical cultural pearls. Their method of so doing is kept a secret.

"What about the value of the string for which I paid a fortune," you may ask. Don't worry! Science has shown a way to tell the natural from the cultural pearl. By the use of X-rays the nucleus used for the cultural pearl will be revealed, and since the price is intimately associated with the rarity of the thing, the value of your string should not be involved any more than it was when man devised machinery that would turn a perfect sphere from a piece of pearl shell—which, no matter how lustrous, still shows the grain.

Practically nothing has been done in our country in the way of cultural pearl production. This is the more surprising because in the fresh-water streams of the United States are to be found the greatest number and the finest species of fresh-water pearly mussels in the world. This splendid material should certainly tempt American ingenuity and enterprise to wrest from the Orient the leadership in an undertaking which produces great returns.

# The Book of Crime Wave Etiquette

Excerpts from Collier's, The National Weekly (Jan. 2, '26)

*M. I. Phillips*

**S**HOULD a highwayman be compelled to ask for a second helping?

Is it necessary for a cigar-store clerk to rise when a lady bandit enters?

Under what circumstances is the steel vest proper for formal wear?

Should a bank robber be asked to have a chair while waiting for a confederate to arrive?

When a flock of stick-up men are shooting up a hotel should the house detective keep on their right or left?

Is the trench helmet proper for evening wear on the streets of the average American city?

Is gray or black the correct color for a habitual criminal to wear when, facing the court for the 33rd assault with intent to kill, he asks to be left off on account of defective glands?

These are all important questions in present-day life. That any person who has lived over a month in any highly civilized community has not found the right answers seems incredible, yet the daily crime-wave bulletins reveal staggering ignorance on some of the fundamental points of conduct during robberies, holdups and promiscuous blackjackings.

A few years ago if a man made a very poor showing while being robbed he would have had lack of experience as an excuse. Today he would have no excuse. There are few residents of the United States who haven't been "stuck up" a half dozen times during the past few years, and those who have escaped have certainly had the opportunity of watching others being robbed.

Consequently the man who is confronted by thugs today and is at a loss how to act is bound to feel the deepest humiliation. It is to avoid

such embarrassment that the following rules of Crime Wave Etiquette are issued.

*How to Receive Burglars in the Home.* This is a subject upon which there is much debate in every household. Tradition in the old days required that when a noise was heard in the night a husband should hop gingerly out of bed, take a flashlight in one hand, a malacca stick or umbrella in the other, and go exploring in his nightgown. During the past few years, however, any such course has been shown to be quite foolhardy. The revised rules of etiquette covering burglars in the home require that when a husband hears a noise he overlook it and say nothing.

If his wife hears it the conventions specify she should nudge him and whisper, "Edgar, what was that?" Edgar's reply should be, "You'll never find out from me, dear."

If the noise persists the wife may say, "Edgar, you must do something." To which he should reply: "Woman, would you have me, a gentleman of refinement, go down and talk with a burglar to whom I have never been introduced? What would people say?"

Very likely a chair will drop or a lamp will fall on the floor at this point. Then is the time for both husband and wife to cease their joint debate and pull the covers up over their heads. This is the course recommended by the best authorities. It is possible the burglars may get into a bedroom, but it is entirely unlikely they will get into a bed. If they do, they are no gentlemen.

*How a Bejeweled Lady Should Go About Meeting a Thief.* It is not always easy for a lady to meet a thief, although it is much easier today than it used to be. An advertisement in

the personal columns is often resorted to in such cases. The following is almost certain to bring results:

"Lady who has \$100,000 worth of jewels will exchange same for first-page story in newspapers and photograph in bathing suit in the tabloids."

If more immediate results are desired, the lady may get them by wearing all her jewelry to any night club and sitting in a strong light. In case there are many other women there who sparkle like Christmas trees and afford competition, attention may be attracted if the lady will take a few diamond bracelets off her wrists and throw them up in the air, after the fashion of a child playing with a ball. After an hour or so, she may feel certain her case has been noted by the visiting bandits, at least one of whom will follow her to the lobby of her hotel, fire several shots to scatter the bell boys and elevator men, and then inquire, "Am I late?"

The lady will reply, "No, the morning papers don't go to press for two hours. Here's the stuff. I should worry; it's insured." Then she should scream, swoon into a Louis XIV chair and wait to be interviewed.

*When a Gentleman Meets a Gunman on the Street.* It should be remembered always that the modern gunman is a busy man. He has a certain amount of work to be done each day, and he is held responsible for its completion. Naturally he hasn't much time to make himself known to his victims in advance. He is willing to take them as they come and feels that they should be similarly democratic. Consequently he will announce himself with but a word or two. It won't be so much what he says as how he says it.

"Stick 'em up!" is a favorite expression and is indorsed by discriminating students of banditry as most fitting. Etiquette requires that the victim smile feebly and raise both hands over his head. It is not necessary to remove one's hat. No conversation is called for, but the victim

may, at his discretion, help pass the time by a few remarks of a general nature such as "The customer is always right," "If you don't find what you want, ask for it," or "Well, what good is money, anyway, if a feller ain't got his health?" It is not necessary to shake hands with the gunman before leaving. In the upper set the gunman sometimes adds "Glad to have metten you."

If the holdup takes place in a big city, it is optional with the victim whether he shall lower his hands after this particular gunman has finished with him or keep them up for the next one. In cities like New York and Chicago most citizens prefer to keep their hands up continuously while on the main streets so that no matter how many gunmen are encountered time will be saved.

*The Etiquette of the Court Arraignment, Etc.* Well-established precedent requires that a judge and jury assume from the start that the crime wave in America is due primarily to defective glands. It has now been fairly well recognized by our criminal courts that glandular ailments, coupled with the distressing fact he was compelled to leave school when only 36 years old, are responsible for a man's criminal impulses.

The well-bred judge should be particularly considerate to a prisoner, especially if he has shot one or more persons. The usual procedure is to release him on a nominal bond at once and invite him to return for trial when he has saved up enough money to get five reputable physicians to testify that his impulse to rob and kill is due to the fact that a lower incisor and one upper bicuspid are pressing on an auxiliary nerve of his honor system.

After this has been so stated and accepted the court should apologize to the prisoner for keeping him away from his work, invite him to lunch and give him money to see a good dentist.





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DR. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS (p. 1) is Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and a psychiatrist of wide experience and acknowledged reputation; hence, his opinions may be regarded as coming from an authority of the very highest order.

Whatever FRANK R. KENT (p. 3) says about our political decline is worth listening to, for he knows American public affairs inside and out, and is one of the most respected political correspondents in the country. He wrote *The Great Game of Politics*, and has been with the *Baltimore Sun* (of which he is vice-president) almost uninterruptedly since 1898.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. 5), well known journalist, is now one of the editors of *Collier's Weekly*.

JAMES NORMAN HALL (p. 7), Iowa born and raised, is a veteran of "Kitchener's mob," an ace of the Lafayette Escadrille, and a writer of promise and performance.

CHARLES A. McMURRAY (p. 11) is Professor of Elementary Education, Peabody School for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.

FRED C. KELLY (p. 13), whose name is familiar to magazine readers, spends much of his time on his 400-acre farm south of Cleveland. It is here that he raises his dogs.

DUNCAN AIKMAN (p. 17) is now on the staff of the *El Paso Morning Times*. His trenchant criticisms of American life appear frequently in *Harper's*, and other magazines, and a collection of them is to be published shortly by Minton, Balch & Company.

THOMAS F. LEE (p. 19) entered Mexico as an engineer over 21 years ago. In the capacity of consulting expert on Latin American economics and politics, he has acted as adviser to many banking groups, and also as counselor for certain of the southern governments. He is regarded as one of the foremost Spanish-American authorities.

HOWARD MINGOS (p. 21) is a writer who has made a close study of aviation for years and is an authority on the developments in that field.

AGNES C. LAUT (p. 23) is author of *Lords of the North*, *Freebooters of the Wilderness*, *Vikings of the Pacific*, and other books.

KEN NAKAZAWA (p. 29) is a scholar, a poet, and a philosopher. His father was a savant in Japan and his mother a poet. He has lectured extensively in the western states on oriental art, literature, and culture.

DAVID WARREN RYDER (p. 31) is a California journalist who has specialized in political and industrial subject. He is a frequent contributor to the reviews.

CORINNE LOWE (p. 33) is best known as a novelist.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW (p. 41) was admitted to the bar in 1858; a member of New York Assembly 1861-62; Secretary of State of New York, 1863; United States Senator, 1899-1911; Chairman of the Board of the New York Central Railroad since 1898.

H. V. KALTENBORN (p. 49) is associate editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* but is as well known in the capitals of Europe as he is to American radio customers, for he is a distinguished broadcaster.

WILL ROSE (p. 51) is a young newspaper owner, manufacturer, and banker of Cambridge Springs, Pa.

VALESKA BARI (p. 53), after some years of service in the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, was sent by the Government to investigate conditions in Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

J. B. S. HALDANE (p. 55) is a distinguished British biologist; until recently he was reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge. He is author of *Daedalus*, and *Callinicus*, two volumes in the Dutton "Today and Tomorrow Series."

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## *A Fourth Birthday*

This issue begins the fifth year of The Reader's Digest.

Many of our old friends among the 1500 charter subscribers are still on our rolls, and some there are among them who have carefully guarded every copy since the first. Not an easy task when one considers the wear of time, the mischances of travel, the peril of the library fire, the rag collector, and the caller who forgot to bring it back!

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